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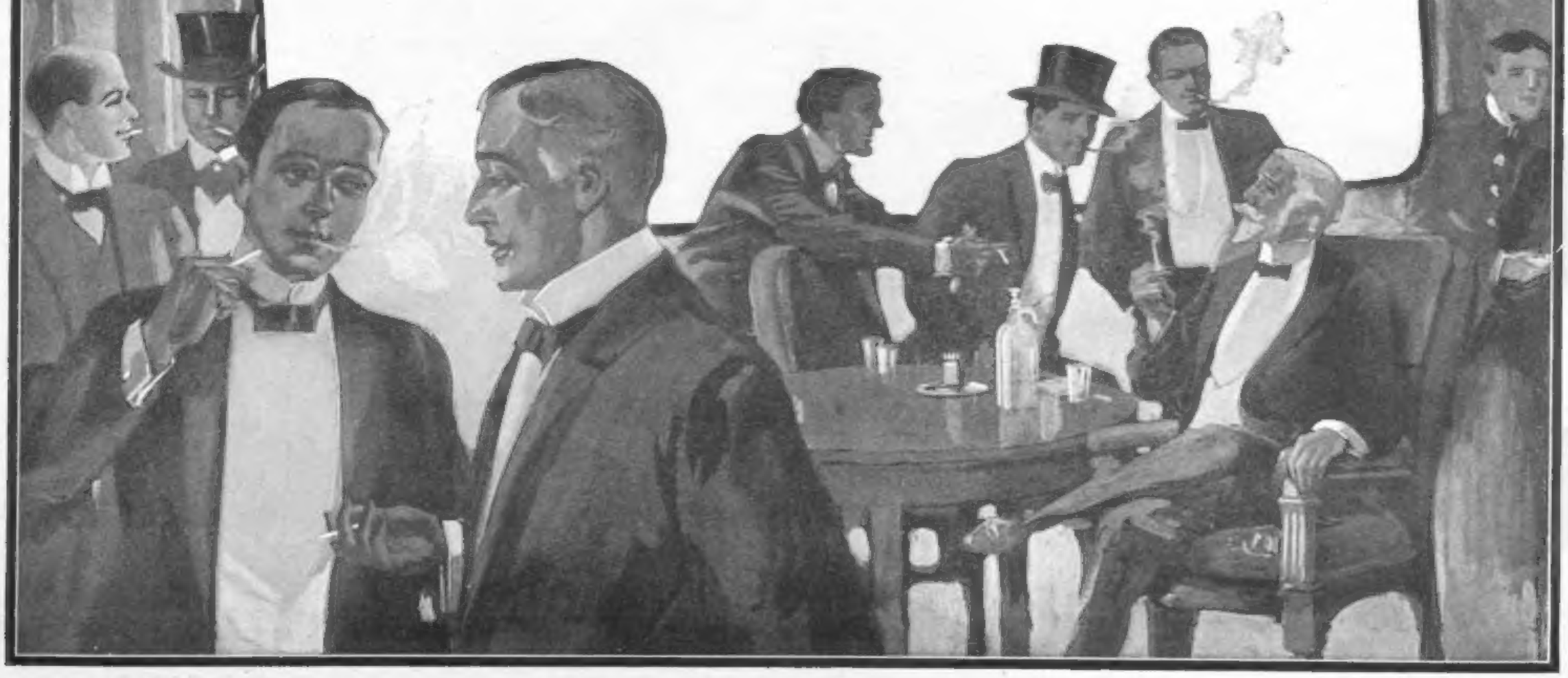

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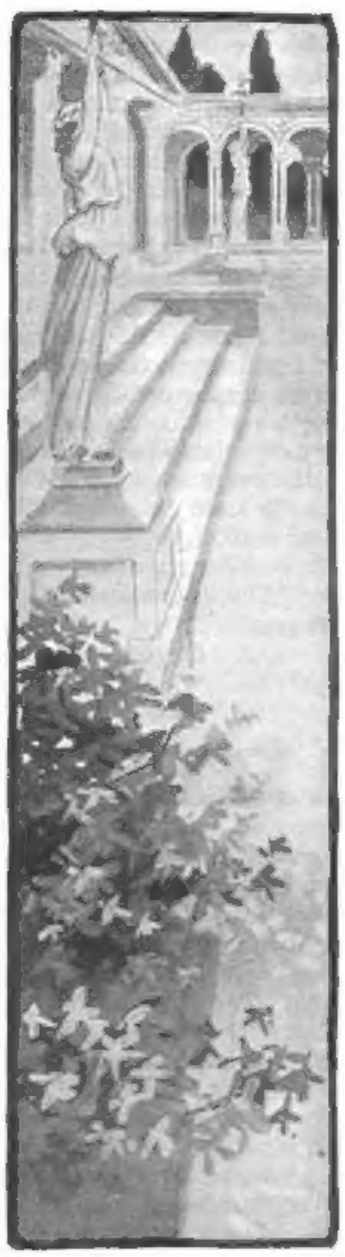
RUSSIA AND HER RULERS



BY W. T. STEAD

The Revolutionary Usurpers

RUSSIA has always been subject to the plague of revolutionary usurpers. But never until the twentieth century have they been anonymous. The peculiarity of the present malady which threatens the disruption of the Russian Empire is that the Revolutionists are men whose names are unknown. The Revolution in Russia, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan in Lalla Rookh, hides its features behind a veil removed neither by night nor by day. We hear darkly of Social Democrats, of Social Revolutionaries, of the "War Department," of the Peasants' Union, of Strike Committees, of Councils of Workmen's delegates, but in none of these organizations does authority concentrate sufficiently into a single hand for any individual to be so much as named. Probably if any one were named to-day he would disappear to-morrow. For the Revolution now, as in the olden time, has a saturnine appetite for its own children. But whatever may be the cause, the anonymity of the Revolution is one of the elements of its terrorism. Who is this impalpable foe, all pervading as the fog, against which emperors and dictators contend in vain? No one knows. The leader of to-day is but like a foam bubble on the crest of a wave. The bubble bursts, but the momentum of the wave is unimpaired.

From one point of view this anonymity, this intangibility of the Revolution, is an advantage. It at least eliminates one element of error into which rulers invariably fall. Whenever any leader arises who becomes conspicuous in organizing disaffection, Authority always mistakes effect for cause and declares that if only the leader were got rid of discontent would disappear. So, in the days when Russia was devastated by revolution, the trouble was always attributed, now to the false Dimitri, then to Stenka Razin, and still later to Pugatchef. To few was it given to realize as did General Bibikoff, who said: "Pugatchef is only a bugbear worked by the Cossacks. It is not Pugatchef who is important, but the general discontent." There is no Pugatchef to-day. General Discontent is the only Commander-in-chief of the Revolution. But his name is Legion.

Russia from the dawn of her history has been the happy hunting-ground of all kinds of adventurers. Lying midway between Europe and Asia, she has been plundered to the bone alternately by each Continent. Her history begins with the despairing appeal of her harried and helpless Russians of the Northwest to the Varangians of Rurik: "Our country is large; we have everything in abundance, but we lack order and justice. Come and take possession of it and govern us." Seven centuries pass, and again, the Slavonian anarchy having broken loose, the boyards appeal to the foreigner this time—to Poland—with the same despairing cry: "Our country is large, but we have no justice. Come and govern us." To-day we are witnessing the same phenomenon. The Slavonian anarchy is once more abroad in the land. And although there is no appeal by tangible, visible, audible leaders to a foreign sovereign, there is raised the same old wail: "Our country is large, but we have no justice," and this time the vast, multitudinous, anonymous, myriad-headed revolutionary movement cries to "Universal Suffrage" to come over and deliver them. Always salvation is sought from without. Yet Russians are convinced that they are the people who have nothing to learn from the decaying nations of the West.

The Changeless Elements of Terrorism and Violence

THE tendency of the Russian social organism to go to pieces is the historical justification for the Autocracy. Anarchy below begets Despotism as its corrective. The two produce as their natural progeny the present state of things in Russia. Despotism has accustomed Russians to bow submissively before Authority. Anarchy, always indigenous in the Slavonian land, makes this very submissiveness its most potent weapon against the Autocracy. But it has always been so in Russia. As Victor Berard says in his Russia and Czarism: "During the whole of the eighteenth century, as in the sixteenth and in the seventeenth, and for that matter in the nineteenth and the twentieth—in the year 1905—it is quite enough for a gilded coat or a uniform to show the peasants a paper authorizing the massacre of the nobles and the pillaging of their estates, for an impostor, in a single day, to find a numerous following."

The first and most famous of these impostors was the false Dimitri, who declared himself the son of Ivan the Terrible, a kind of Russian Perkin Warbeck, and who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, headed a rising which, with Polish aid, seated him for a brief period on the throne of Muscovy. The second was the revolt of Stenka Razin, a freebooter who, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, raised an army of 200,000 men and founded a bandit empire that stretched from Nijni Novgorod to Astrakhan: "I come to fight the boyards and the rich. I am the friend of all the poor, the friend of the people. You fight for those traitors the boyards, but I and my Cossacks are fighting for our Lord the Czar." Stenka Razin, multiplied a hundredfold, is alive again to-day. He says "bureaucracy" instead of "boyards," but otherwise his phraseology is unaltered.

The third and the best known of the revolutionary usurpers of Russia was Pugatchef, a Cossack of the Don, who, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, declared himself to be the Czar Peter III, and raised an insurrection on the Volga which was accompanied by all the horrors of a servile war. The peasants rose at his bidding and burned and pillaged and slew just as they are doing to-day. At last Bibikoff defeated him, and a Scotch soldier of fortune ultimately succeeded in capturing him at Simbirsk. The false Peter III was clapped into an iron cage and carted like some captive wild beast to Moscow. There—like the false Dimitri who was murdered, and like Stenka Razin who was executed—Pugatchef met a violent death at the hands of the executioner.

Since then there have been few revolutionary usurpers. But to-day Russia is full of them. They usurp authority not in the name of any false Dimitri or Peter, but in the name of the Revolution. They justify their usurpation by glozing pleas of liberty and independence, but they use unhesitatingly the methods as well as the phrases of Stenka Razin. They do not fling generals and bishops from the tops of their castles and steeples; they blow them to pieces with dynamite or shoot them with revolvers.

The details vary, the essential elements of terrorism and violence never change. And to-day, as in the previous centuries, success of the revolutionary usurper is possible only because of the widespread misery and discontent of the masses of the people.

Blind Obedience the Foundation on which the Revolution Rests

THERE is no pretense about the matter. The Revolution is the product of social discontent and political disaffection. But it is nurtured by lies and triumphs by terrorism. There has been a great deal said concerning the pacific methods of the Russian revolutionist: "Look how wonderful it is, the conquest of the people, gained by means of passive resistance! Revolution by voluntary starvation!" And there is, of course, a good deal of truth in it. But revolutions have their secret methods like monarchies, and when you come to look closely into the astonishing unanimity of the pacific strike, you promptly discover that there would be no unanimity if there were no terrorism.

The Revolution is prompt to assail Authority by its own weapons. The Terrorism from above is combated by Terrorism from below. The Government shoots mutinous soldiers who refuse to execute sentences of court martial. The Revolution kills and burns and pillages to enforce obedience to its commands. The unanimity of the railway strike was obtained, Prince Hilkoff assured me, by the simple process of sending a gang of rowdies, primed with vodka and paid at so much a head, into the machine-shops and railway stations with orders to stop work on menace of bad treatment. The unanimity of the St. Petersburg strike was obtained by the threat to smash the windows of shops that refused to close, and to burn down factories whose workmen persisted in remaining at work. Of course, unless there was a widespread sympathy with the movement these terrorist tactics would have been useless. But it is only honest to admit that, without the terrorism, the strike would have been a failure. Terrorism is the disciplinary method of the Revolution, and it is applied unhesitatingly.

The audacity, the nerve—I think that when I was in Chicago they called it the "gall"—of these revolutionary usurpers almost passes belief. Nothing but the helpless readiness of Russians to submit to Authority can explain the promptitude with which the orders of the Revolutionists are obeyed. Into the office of the Novoe Vremya, the leading daily newspaper in Russia, in the Nevski Prospect, one fine afternoon when the strike was brewing, there walked three strangers, who ordered the office to be closed at once.

"And who are you?" asked the manager.

"We are the representatives of the Social Democratic Revolutionary Committee," was the answer, "and we are to see that this office is closed, or else ——"

The manager promptly put up his shutters.

The Nevski is the chief thoroughfare in the capital of St. Petersburg. A word on the telephone would have brought the police to arrest the criminals who were intimidating a law-abiding citizen. But sheer impudence carried the day and the office was closed. On another occasion the Strike Committee improved upon this precedent. They boldly took possession of the Novoe Vremya office, and used its type and machinery for the production of their official gazette. When the editor was permitted to resume the publication of his paper he congratulated the strikers upon their audacity and commended their spirit to the Minister of the Interior as worthy of all imitation.

The appetite grows by what it feeds on. On the day I left St. Petersburg—October 28—the Strike Committee was sending around delegates to all the banks ordering them to close. Some obeyed the command; others—notably the foreign banks—resisted the order to close. But the audacity of the strikers knew no bounds. Half a dozen girls entered the Russo-Chinese Bank and imperiously ordered the officials to close the doors. "If you don't," they said, "others will come and make you."

In some banks the intimidating deputation scoffed at the police and were removed only by military force.

In the case of the factories the usual threat is to destroy the machinery or to burn the whole building. As a rule, the employer and the workmen give in. The same tactics that were employed to extort the constitution are now being used to punish the employers for refusing to pay ten hours' wages for eight hours' work. Seventy-two firms had joined in the lockout. They were informed that one of their number would be selected by lot and his factory fired to teach him to behave.

The whole *modus operandi* is singularly like the operations of the Land League in Ireland twenty years ago. There we had the same spectacle of a disaffected peasantry willingly consenting to be terrorized by "village ruffians" and "midnight murderers" into a refusal to pay rent. And in Ireland, also, the whole moral authority was with the law-breakers and not with the law-makers. I remember saying, after visiting Ireland in 1886, that the trouble was that the Land League was so positively certain that it was in the right that it never hesitated to kill a man, even if he were innocent, whereas the English Government in Ireland was so keenly conscious that it was in a false position that it hesitated to kill a man even when it knew he was guilty. It is just so in Russia. The Government hesitates to enforce its own laws, even when they are just. The Revolution never hesitates to execute its edicts, no matter how unjust they may be.

The control of the revolutionary forces in St. Petersburg has fallen more and more into the hands of a body calling itself the Council of Workmen's Delegates, one-fourth of whom are neither workmen nor workmen's delegates. Three-fourths of the Council is supposed to be elected by the St. Petersburg workingmen in the proportion of one delegate to every 500 members. There are about 600 members of the Council, which would give it a constituency of about 200,000 workmen. One-fourth of the number is appointed by various Socialist groups—the Socialist majority, the Socialist minority, and the Socialist Revolutionists. The nerve with which this Council arrogates to itself a right to threaten the whole nation with a general strike whenever it is displeased with any action of the Government is superb.

The Social Democrats have few supporters outside the large towns, and the first thing that needs to be borne constantly in mind is that in all Russia there are only twenty towns with more than 100,000 inhabitants. Russia is a huge farm. Three-fourths of the Russian people live in wooden huts, thatched for the most part, all of which, it is said, are burned down on an average once every fourteen years. The methods of the revolutionary usurpers in dealing with the town populations are of small importance compared with their tactics in the country. It is in the country among the peasants that the revolutionary usurper has ever achieved his most disastrous successes. For the method of the Revolutionist is to incite the peasant to burn, to steal and to slay by telling him lies in the usurped name of the Czar. In the eyes of the Revolutionist, the end justifies the means. To him everything is fair in revolution as in war. But to the onlooker it is difficult to conceive more hideous cruelty achieved by more detestable means.

The method of the revolutionary usurpers who have at this moment let hell loose over vast provinces in Russia is simplicity itself. The Russian peasant is a simple, ignorant fellow, who with all his simplicity and ignorance holds fast to two fundamental ideas. The first is that no one ought to have more land than he can till, and the second is that the Czar is the Vice-gerent of Almighty God. The peasants are wretchedly poor. The protectionist policy by which Count Witte fostered into precarious existence Russia's infant industries told cruelly upon the agricultural population. They have been taxed to the bone, and this year more than a dozen governments in the granary of Europe are in the grip of a terrible famine. They have been profoundly shaken by the disasters of the war.

Something, it is evident, has gone wrong. The Government, once apparently omnipotent, has not even been able to hold its own against the Japanese in the far-away East. Thus a deep, vague, but tormenting moral doubt has seized the peasant at the same time that his crops have failed and his children are dying of famine typhus. Just at this psychological moment a sudden excitement breaks out in his village. A great general in gorgeous uniform, accompanied by two or three other men in uniform, summons the starosta and bids him call together the mir or village community to hear the ukase that has been issued by the Czar. The peasants flock in from their fields, and stand with bare heads to listen to the will of the Little Father. When they are all assembled, the pseudo-general with great parade reads aloud a forged ukase which solemnly declares that Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the great and mighty Czar, has decreed that all the lands and goods of the landowners are henceforth to be made over to the peasants, and, further, that on the following morning at eight o'clock these particular peasants must assemble with carts and horses at the neighboring estate of Prince A. B., and assist the peasants from the other villages in removing the goods, farm stuff, farm stock and other possessions of the landowner in order that they may be divided among themselves. "And," continues the

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The Millionaire's Art Primer

How the European Expert Flim-Flams the Rich American

By David Graham Phillips

OF THE $400,000,000—more rather than less—which, the bankers assure us, American travelers spend in Europe every year, most of it between April and October—at least one-fourth, perhaps nearer one-half, goes to "despoil the Old World of its treasures of art and antiquity." And it is the American multi-millionaire and his wife and his daughter who do most of this stripping of Europe to make America splendid. Almost every American who goes abroad does a little of it, brings back something musty and fusty and frumpy which we are all expected to envy him or her and to burst into song over. But the very rich are our principal benefactors, the principal adorners of our crude civilization, the wholesalers in importing "culture" and "refinement." They want to be like the grandees of Europe; they can't carry off the high-sounding titles and the beautiful, but, alas, most abominably insanitary and uncomfortable, castles and palaces; but they can carry off interiors and the decorations. And they do.

Usually they do not try to deal directly with the grandees. They are unable to see what cynical, commercial souls the European upper classes, with their motto of "Any dishonor before that of labor," lightly veil under a pretense of indifference to, and even scorn of, those things which will be of prime interest and importance to all human beings so long as the body needs food, clothing and shelter. The negotiations are carried on through intermediaries. The rich Americans either see the treasures they covet in the ancestral homes of the grandees and approach some art broker in the subject or find the treasures already at the art brokers. And thus the golden rain crosses the Atlantic and descends in floods upon Europe.

The Golden Rain

NOT upon all Europe. Common rain, the rain from Heaven, falls alike upon the just and the unjust. But the golden rain seems to fall upon the just by accident only, seems to prefer the unjust. This rain from the strong boxes of our very rich who are very, very eager to be "refined and cultured" is true to the traditional nature of golden rain. It is a sad story; only the ill-bred and the hard-hearted could laugh at it. Time was when the rich American fell into the most obvious traps, was "trimmed" with the crudest kinds of shears. A man is always more or less of a fool at any business other than his own. When pork kings and steel kings and railroad kings and the like first went abroad they believed implicitly everything the eminent critic, connoisseur or other barkers for dealers in antiquities and art told them. We all know this now. And when we go into the houses of the multi-millionaires who became art patrons in the seventies and eighties, or into the Metropolitan Museum in New York, or the Corcoran at Washington, or any of the museums of our cities for that matter, we see the laughable results of these worthy but ignorant aspirants after the "higher life." The American art patron of to-day is wiser than he of twenty years ago. He "knows a thing or two"; unfortunately he does not know more than that. The European art dealers and their "steerers" have adapted themselves to the new development. They play the same old game; but they play it more adroitly. They fool the American just as they did before; and, as they are put to more trouble, they make him pay for being so much wiser—just as the Wall Street eminently respectable gambler and good-thing man robs his victims of more than did the old-fashioned gold-brick dealer or three-card-monte man. The wiser one gets in this world, the worse he is done when he does fall into a trap.

The art dealers of twenty years ago used to be content if they fleeced an American rich "come-on" of two or three thousand dollars. The art dealer of to-day feels, if he bears off less than twenty or thirty thousand dollars, much as Mr. Rockefeller would feel if he should find that in cleaning up a transaction he bungled it by leaving half of every dollar of possible profit in the field he had set out to mow. There are honest art dealers in Europe; but they hate to deal with Americans. As one of them said last fall: "The temptation to swindle your countrymen is more than human nature can resist. I hate to see a rich American coming. I know that if I don't make him swindling prices and tell him fairy tales, he will not buy from me. And if I do it, I can't help feeling ashamed."

A recent transaction will illustrate the present state of the "higher life." In the house of one of our richest financial kings, one famed for his knowledge of art, consulted and deferred to in such matters by our professional critics and connoisseurs, there now hangs—he probably has it up by this time—a piece of tapestry that is the joy of his heart. It is a genuine mediæval tapestry—in that respect differing from a very large part of the stuff for which he has spent so much money. It is not bad to look at, as old tapestries go—most of them being really ugly to any eyes not perverted by "culture" snobbishness, and being full of disease germs, and great dust collectors to boot. The purchase of this tapestry was hailed as the crowning triumph of this cultured man's career as a promoter of love of art in America, and it was especially noted that he had got it as a bargain. The tapestry came from an old castle in which it had hung for many centuries, and where, by the way, it was in the proper place; for the tapestry was invented to meet a certain necessity of interior decoration, and as that necessity has passed, it has passed also, except as a thing for the museum. Our multi-millionaire might as fitly go about with a jeweled suit of mediæval armor on as to try to decorate his modern house with something at once useless and insanitary.

The Poulet-Martin Tapestry Deal

THIS tapestry was discovered by an art dealer named —let us call him Monsieur Martin, and let us call our American Mr. Smith. Monsieur Martin went over to the castle to buy a lot of tapestries; he paid about $4000 for the lot and sold them for $8000. In some way this one tapestry, much like any one of the others, was overlooked. By the time he discovered it the owner had learned something of the art business, enough to insist that this tapestry was worth $2000 by itself. Monsieur Martin did not like the raising of the price and refused to buy. He went back to Paris and, talking business with a fellow-dealer, a Monsieur Poulet, let us say, happened to speak of it—without, of course, letting Monsieur Poulet into the secret of where it was to be found. The upshot of the talk was that Monsieur Poulet, who said he had a rich American sucker in his pen at the moment, agreed to supply half the $2000 (10,000 francs) and to dispose of the property to the sucker and share the profit equally with Monsieur Martin.

When Monsieur Martin went down to the old castle he found that the price of the tapestry had gone up to $3000

(15,000 francs), that some one else was negotiating for it. He hesitated, wrote or telegraphed Monsieur Poulet, who answered, agreeing to the advanced price. When he returned to the castle the tapestry had been sold for 15,000 francs to the mysterious rival bidder, whose name the noble owner of the castle refused to disclose. A few weeks later Monsieur Martin and all the rest of the world heard that Mr. Smith of the United States, the modern Mæcenas, the Nineteenth Century Lorenzo the Magnificent, had bought the tapestry and was gloating over the very reasonable price at which the priceless treasure had passed to American hands.

How Prices Begin to Go Up

MONSIEUR MARTIN met Monsieur Poulet at lunch.

"You have heard the news?" said Monsieur Martin.

"Yes. Very sad, isn't it?" said Monsieur Poulet.

"These Americans are getting more commercial all the time," said Martin. "Who'd have thought that he would nose out that tapestry and haggle for it like one of us?"

Monsieur Poulet replied in the same strain and they separated. A few days, and Martin discovered that Mr. Smith had bought the tapestry from—Monsieur Poulet! He was frantic with indignation; he set on foot vigorous inquiries and learned, from a source which he regarded as reliable, that Mr. Smith had paid Monsieur Poulet not $3000, the price which Poulet had paid, but—*fifty thousand dollars!*

Instantly he brought suit for half the difference between $3000 and $50,000. The case, in due time, came up for trial. As is the invariable rule in these cases, the business of art dealer began to be shown up in anything but an admirable light. And so great was the interest, so laughable the testimony as to the way "suckers" from American millionairedom were "trimmed," that all their friends and fellow-dealers got at Martin and Poulet and forced a compromise. Poulet paid Martin one-half of the profit of $47,000—one-half of the 235,000 francs. As a franc in France is about equal to a dollar in New York, that last figure—235,000 francs—gives a better idea of the stupendousness of the robbing than the equivalent in dollars.

But this is not all. A few months passed, and Monsieur Martin met a fellow-dealer from another city. They got to talking about Mr. Smith—for obvious reasons, the art dealers of Europe love to talk about him, love to think about him, have him almost always in mind.

"That was a nice little deal that Poulet closed with him, wasn't it?" said the foreigner.

"Very," said Martin; "I was in, you know. I got my share of the $50,000 he paid for the tapestry."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said the foreigner. "Why, he didn't pay dollars; he paid pounds—fifty thousand *pounds!*"

"Pounds!" gasped Martin. "Fifty thousand pounds!"

"Fifty thousand pounds," repeated the foreigner. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a million francs."

Martin flew to Poulet. "You thief!" he shouted. "You scoundrel! Give me the rest of my profit. I want three hundred and seventy-five thousand francs! You sold that tapestry to the American for a million francs. I have witnesses."

And Poulet gave down without an audible protest.

Thus, a tapestry worth not more than $1000 has become an indeed priceless treasure. In its long life it has had, no doubt, many curious and interesting experiences, grave and gay. None of these surpasses this its latest experience, both grave and gay—how it netted a prince's ransom for a pair of art dealers—how it suddenly swelled into value from a paltry five thousand francs to a million.

This incident is typical. Its like is happening every day of the warmer half of the year when the American should first visit the European waters. The American art lover does sometimes—not very often, but still sometimes—get a genuine thing. When he does he has to pay, pay, pay. Few, indeed, of the real art treasures of Europe have crossed the Atlantic, almost none of those treasures that are really worth looking at. But those few genuine things, most of them "highly unimportant if true," have cost fabulous sums, their value many thousand times over—where they have any value.

If either beauty or skill were the test of a work of art such incidents could not occur. But neither beauty nor skill have any part in determining value. Price alone is the measure; and the price is determined by elements into which neither the beauty nor the workmanship of the thing itself enters except as an incident.

Most of the works of art exhibited not only in America, but in Europe, also, are not genuine, but are either reproductions or copies of the originals, or are the originals so "restored" that little of the original remains.

This fact is known to all the real experts, and they do not conceal it. They simply ignore it, this for a variety of reasons ranging from cynicism to commercialism. Further, no real expert speaking the honest truth will say that he or any man can determine absolutely the authenticity of any work of art whatsoever.

In America, the profession of art connoisseur and critic is largely—not entirely, but largely—a snobbish fake. Our professionals have no motive of financial interest, as a rule, to make them liars and cheats. It is our old acquaintance, intellectual snobbishness, the patron saint of so-called "culture," that prompts them to make their silly pretenses of which so many people, quite sensible in other matters, stand in awe—just as you will often find a man of brilliant education in the great university of experience sit silent and respectful before an ignorant professor or alumnus of some university where little of value is taught or learned. The basic canon of this cult of intellectual snobbishness is "Antiquity!" When the new is good, it is good only in so far as it copies the old—slavishly copies. The result of this cult is that our men of high artistic talent and of genius either languish or are driven abroad, where there are enough artists to combine and compel recognition.

Our critics are not to blame for their follies, except as human nature can be censured for yielding to its own most powerful and insidious weaknesses. They are under the intellectual domination of Europe, and not of the best in Europe—for, unfortunately, it is never the best that exercises a tyranny of any sort.

In Europe there are two kinds of art critic and connoisseur—the man who loves the beautiful and the skillful, and the man who makes his living by acting as "barker" or "steerer" for the unscrupulous among the art dealers. The critics of the first class are rare—that supreme, well-rounded common-sense which is called genius is always and everywhere rare. There are more of them now than there were a few years ago—for it must be remembered that Europe is only just emerging from its long twilight of the ancestor-cult, or the cult of antiquity. There are enough of them now to force the recognition of such men as Sargent and Whistler, as Rodin and Barnard. But they still make little headway against the ignorant and undiscriminating cult of the antique, because that cult is sustained by a powerful commercial interest.

Casting the Nets

EUROPE has swarms of kings and princes and dukes, of newly-rich men of peasant origin with servile souls; also it is visited each year by American multi-millionaires and their imitators and followers, all palpitating with eagerness to be "cultured like the high folks over yonder."

Now, these persons with money to spend on works of art—the nobles no less than the risen peasants and the mushroom plutocrats—have no courage, no personal courage, in matters of art. They follow blindly the tradition. It may be well that they do, but that does not change the fact. For prince no less than for plutocrat, all intellectual ideas, including the æsthetic, are conventional, ready-made, "hand-me-down."

Demand creates supply—if it waves the "dough-bag" as it clamors. This particular demand had plenty of money. Up sprang a huge class of art dealers. Now, an art dealer needs two accessories—an "impartial and authoritative" expert and a stock of wares whereon the impartial and authoritative expert may pass enthusiastically. The supply of antiquities was easily forthcoming. There are scores of great factories in or near the large cities of Europe which employ hundreds of expert workmen at turning out every kind of antiquity. Part of the product is sold frankly for what it is. The rest goes stealthily to the art dealers to be mingled with the little genuine stuff they have. As Europe has been ransacked daily during several hundred years for its old stuff, obviously there can be very little left outside the great permanent collections, and obviously that very little could not be especially good.

With equal ease the dealers have supplied themselves with cappers, stool-pigeons and steerers. Every now and again there is a scandal in connection with the experts employed by some great museum like the Louvre; and the public learns that some eminent connoisseur has been supplementing his salary from the state by taking commissions from those from whom he buys for the state—that he has been buying fake stuff at high prices. It is difficult to catch these eminent cappers. The profession of connoisseur is like any other; if you attack one, however justly, the whole fraternity rises and denounces you as a liar, or, worse, as an ignoramus—and who can bear to be called an ignoramus, a Philistine, by a critic renowned and revered throughout the world?

To keep to our rich fellow-countrymen and their woes, it is these critics, these connoisseurs, that lead our railway and banking and meat-packing nobility into the toils.

Mr. Jones, a meat packer who has devoted twenty years of his leisure to collecting alleged artistic objects, has been fooled a thousand times. He does not know it; he thinks he has been fooled only the five or six times when he has been forced to find it out—the art patron is as hard to convince that he has been roped and done as is the ordinary citizen. Still, he has become a shy bird. To get him into the

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THE NORTH WIND

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

The wind blows from the North to-day,
Swifter than hunting falcons fly!
Its wings have wrung the rain-clouds dry
And swept them scurrying from the sky
A streaming rout of broken gray;
It whirls the dead leaves from the ground,
Charges the trees with roaring sound
And furious battle-cry.
While half in anger, half in play,
It rattles every window-pane
And whirls the frantic weather-vane—
With ne'er a stop and ne'er a stay
The wind blows from the North.

It drives the vanguard of the spring
Back to the South with stunning blows!
Fresh from the armory of the snows
And sharpened where the glacier grows
Its cruel, eager arrows sting.
It spurs us to a quickened pace;
It brings the red blood to the face
And purple paints the nose—
The truculent and bullying thing—
And yet a warmth, a glow of joy,
The high-pulsed pleasure of a boy,
Thrills through my heart to hear it sing,
The wind from out the North.

The roaring log-fires' ruddy glow;
The song, and many a merry tale,
The wassail and the brimming pail,
The revelry and cakes and ale,
And roistering parties, long ago—
The dance that wore the whole night out
With flushed excitement, mirth and shout
Of joy that did not fail;
The coming of the welcome snow,
The sleigh-bells on the frosty airs;
The fervent, short-lived love affairs—
All these come back, all these, for, lo,
The wind is from the North!

"THE GODDESS OF THE TURF"

Batty Logan Rubs Elbows with Cupid

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Author of "The Gray Ghost," "The Plunge on Silver Heels," etc., etc.

"It's the Real Mustard, I'll Tell You Those"

I

"INDEED, I know *all* about it," said Miss Gardiner in stout protestation. When she spoke in that tone one knew instantly that King Solomon was a fool, a blustering, egotistical, unvarnished ignoramus who has imposed upon history just about long enough. For Miss Gardiner is wonderfully illuminating at times. Now she was speaking of horse-racing. "Why, I went twice two summers ago. I think it's awfully exciting."

"It is," I acquiesced meekly.

"I played a system, you know"—and Miss Gardiner smiled. "I'd take my program and fold it so"—she illustrated with a dance-card—"then I'd take a hatpin, so—and jab it so. Whatever horse I stabbed I bet on."

"Marvelous!" I ejaculated admiringly. "How much did you win?"

Miss Gardiner grew serious.

"Nothing," she said dolefully. Then she suddenly brightened: "But wasn't it a cute system?"

"An inspiration," I remarked.

"And I know one girl who won that way—once," she rushed on. "That was the system I used the first day. The second time I used another system. I bet on the horse that had the prettiest name."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "Then I suppose you won heavily."

"No, hardly," she admitted. "But once I almost won, and—and I got so excited I nearly fainted."

"I know exactly how you felt," I said sadly.

"The horse was named Prince Charlie," she said reminiscently. "Isn't Charlie a perfectly stunning name?"

"Yes, it isn't," I responded. My name is George, but my parents were always short-sighted. Why couldn't they have thought of Charlie?

Miss Gardiner and I went to the races; down at the Montauk track. Her aunt accompanied us, but she was deaf, so it really wasn't as bad as it might have been. I left them in a box and wandered down to the betting-ring, where some one drove a stiletto-like elbow deep into my diaphragm. Then the shibboleth of the tout was sounded in my ears: "Say, Boss, lend us yer pencil a minute."

"Pleasure's All Mine," He Says. Bam!

I turned and looked into the cheerfully grinning face of "Batty" Logan, a distinguished member of his guild.

"Hello, Beau," was his greeting. "False alarm. I was jus' stringin' yer."

"Hello, Batty," I said cordially. We were old friends, Batty and I, for be it known there were times when he knew things—things which were immediately convertible into actual cash, or chastening experience.

"How's tricks?" queried Batty. "Ain't got any book-makers financially embarrassed yet?"

"Not yet," I replied. "Know anything good to-day?"

Batty disregarded the question.

"Who's the skirt, Beau?" he asked, and his grin grew wider as he jerked his head generally toward the grandstand.

"The—the what?" I asked.

"Aw, the rag with the glad eyes," he elucidated. "The girl!"

"Oh, you mean the girl who came down with me?" I asked. "That's a Miss Gardiner—Helen Gardiner."

"Beau, she's a goddess!" he volunteered enthusiastically. "Nothin' to it. She's the real ice-cream soda."

In a way Batty expressed my own opinion, although the phraseology was a bit more florid than I should have chosen.

"An' I'll bet you hate the very ground she walks on, yes?" he went on, grinning. "Who's the old hen with her?"

"Old hen? Oh, of course. That's Mrs. Prebble, her aunt."

"Gee! Her face ain't on straight, is it?" he asked. "Looks like she smells somethin' bad. But the girlerine—say, Beau, she's almost nearly!"

"Never mind her," I said. Batty's personal comments are tart at times. "Anything good in this race?"

"Good, me gran'mother!" he exclaimed. "They ain't a horse in it fast enough to pull a hearse."

"They tell me Queenie's all right, in the fourth race?" I suggested.

"Oh me, oh my, oh mama! She's a beaut," said Batty, still gazing away toward the grandstand, with open admiration in his eyes.

"Who? Queenie?" I asked.

"Queenie—nit," he said contemptuously. "I mean the Goddess." Then, after a pause: "Aw, her ankles are on the blink."

"Whose ankles?" I demanded severely.

"Queenie's, of course," he said disgustedly. Then he returned to business. "Say, Beau," and he was confidential. "There's one real bet in that fourth race. It's Duke of Dublin. He's the goods. Go as far as you like, an' say"—his tone changed and he jerked his head again toward the grandstand—"you might give the Goddess my regards, an' put her wise. Her for me."

Batty passed on through the clamorous crowd, and I returned to Miss Gardiner. The Duke of Dublin won. It took the remainder of the afternoon for Miss Gardiner to recover from the awful shock of winning her first bet.

II

THERE is a subtle, thrilling charm in the brazen cry of the bugle, in the twisting, winding crowd with its excited chatter, in the rush of horses' feet, and that great, heartrending, shrieking moment when a winner is in doubt. Miss Gardiner felt it, even her aunt grew to like it in a frosty sort of way, and together we went to Montauk frequently. Each time by word or act Batty paid tribute to the beauty of the Goddess. Many times it was a winning tip he gave me for her; occasionally it was a strict injunction to keep off.

Miss Gardiner frequently saw us together—Batty being amazingly conspicuous by reason of a sweater as red as original sin—and grew to associate my advice with him. At last, one day, her curiosity reached the interrogative stage.

"Who is that boy?" she asked.

"Batty Logan," I informed her. "The only one."

"He looks awfully interesting," she commented. "He looks as if he—he had lived so much."

"He has," I said. And I told her something about him. It was one of the commonplace, checkered stories of the turf, of hunger and of plenty—now, fortunately, plenty; but as she heard it her eyes glistened with eager interest.

"And is he rich now?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know what horse he bet on in the last race, but he was pretty well-to-do up to that time," I replied.

"And he's just a boy, too," she mused. "Isn't it perfectly wonderful?"

Inevitably it came to pass that Batty Logan, tout, tipster, ex-jockey, expert in horseflesh, was introduced to Miss Helen Gardiner, a daughter of Fifth Avenue. It happened after the first race one day when Miss Gardiner's aunt was indisposed—bless her, I hoped she would never get well!—and she and I had gone to the track without a chaperon. She asked for the introduction.

"Because," she explained to me naïvely, "I know a dozen men like you—all the men I know are like you—but I'm sure I never met one like him."

"I am positive," I replied, as I went to find Batty.

"I am pleased for to meet you," was his greeting to her, which, while lacking elegance, originality or rhetorical merit, surely expressed an unchallenged truth. Miss Gardiner smiled and it took his breath away. It had the same effect on me. It's great!

When they met—one amused, the other admiring—there was the slight embarrassed pause which follows the meeting of extremes. Then Batty rose to the occasion.

"Have yer cashed yet?" he queried. It is the common salutation of the craft.

Miss Gardiner turned to me with a question in her eyes and perplexed wrinkles in her brow. I shook my head.

"N-no," she said uncertainly.

"I caught Royal Blue for a ten-spot an' he win," said Batty easily. "Jus' a flyer, yer know. He's a mutt all right, all right, but a good boy had the leg up an' I figured him a fair one-two-three pike."

"Y-yes," Miss Gardiner faltered. She looked helplessly at me—I was standing directly behind Batty—and I smiled in that highly superior manner for which I am noted. I knew she was not altogether satisfied that Batty hadn't said something improper, but it served her right for wanting to meet him when I ——

"When a guy ain't sure an' plunges, he's bug," Batty went on in a well-modulated conversational tone. "Keep yer tin in yer jeans an' hold fast if you ain't dead wise."

Then Miss Gardiner gasped. I could readily understand it. Batty's eccentricity of speech was puzzling even to me at times.

"Who will win this next race?" I asked.

Miss Gardiner dimpled with delight. She could understand *that*.

"You can search me," said Batty. "It's a bunch o' has-beens out for oats. Martie M. ought to win, but he's got a yaller stripe. Ice-wagons for them."

Martie M. won. Miss Gardiner was openly, frankly and cheerfully excited about it. Batty sat watching her flushed face with undisguised admiration in his eyes.

"Why, Martie M. *did* win!" she exclaimed breathlessly. It was quite the most wonderful thing she had ever known.

"Yessum," said Batty. "But he's a goat at that."

"And you said he would," she hurried on.

"Sure thing," said Batty.

"How did you know?"

"Jus' Got Somethin' in Me Eye," He Explained

Batty looked at me suddenly and grinned.

"It's me business to know," he replied. "Me with the rail-birds at three A. M., an' me trusty spilt second."

"Do you always know what horse will win?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yessum, always—sometimes." Batty gave me a solemn wink.

There was a new interest in Miss Gardiner's eyes now. She was bursting with questions. As usual, the most unexpected of these came tumbling out.

"You said just now one of the horses was a mutt. Is he a—a mutt when he wins?"

"Naw, he's the real cheese then," Batty informed her.

"Gracious! Isn't that odd? The real cheese. And—and please what does 'keep your tin in your jeans' mean?"

Batty elucidated characteristically.

"Aw, that means to hug yer wad, to cling to yer roll, to—to clutch yer simoleons, to—to hang on to yer mazuma, yer know."

"Oh!" said Miss Gardiner feebly.

"Sure thing," said Batty. Then he turned to me: "Say, Beau, I got a pippin in the fifth race, a real lallaperzim, if she starts. I'll put yer wise. Loosen as far as yer like, you an' the G—I mean Miss Gardiner. I got to go rub elbows with a trainer now. I'll be back in time."

I strolled down the steps with Batty to ask a few leading questions.

"Beau," he said. "Ain't nothin' to it. She's the peaches all right, all right. But, gee! She don't know much, does she?"

Then Batty disappeared in the crowd, and for an hour Miss Gardiner asked me questions. As far as lay in my power, I made clear to her the language of the race-track.

"Why, it's harder than golf, isn't it?" she asked.

"Golf is merely a child's primer in comparison," I told her.

Batty ran up the steps immediately after the fourth race, his face aglow with eagerness.

"She starts all right, all right," he said. "It's Lady Jane, an' Beau, it's stealin' candy from babies—a plunge to the hilt."

"Are you sure she'll win?" asked Miss Gardiner. In a way, she had gathered his meaning.

"It's a dead moral pipe," he responded.

"Well—well, I think," and Miss Gardiner fingered several bills gingerly, "if you are sure, real sure, I'll—I'll bet two dollars," she concluded desperately. It was a plunge.

Batty didn't laugh, because I looked at him suddenly and fiercely as I crowded some bills of my own into his hand. He took Miss Gardiner's two-dollar bill and looked at it quizzically.

"Aw, make it five," he pleaded.

"If I should bet five whole dollars and win I should faint," said Miss Gardiner firmly. "And besides—besides, I shouldn't bet at all. It's really stealing, you know, when I need every penny papa allows me for some work I am doing in Division Street." Her face was very serious and very pretty.

"Charity work?" asked Batty, with quick interest.

"Yes," she replied. "I can't do much, but—but——"

"Well, here's for Division Street," said Batty, and from a fat roll of bills he peeled off one—a hundred—and put it with her two dollars. "Lady Jane to win—for Division Street." Then to me, grinning: "Cough up, Beau."

I did. Miss Gardiner looked from one to the other, and her face was flushed with surprise and embarrassment and pleasure.

"Why, I didn't mean—I'm sure it wasn't——" she began. Then to Batty: "Mr. Logan, I don't quite feel that I should let you do it, but—but I will, and I thank you."

"Aw, forget it," said Batty, almost gently. "I used to live in Division Street, an' I know what it is to be down an' out—hungry an' all that."

Miss Gardiner opened her eyes wide.

"Hungry?" she repeated.

"Sure thing," said Batty; "eh, Beau? I've rode races on this track when I was so weak from bein' hungry I didn't know whether I was on a horse or playin' pinochle."

Miss Gardiner caught her breath sharply.

"Hadn't yer better make it five?" Batty urged again.

"Ten," said Miss Gardiner suddenly. "For Division Street."

"Now yer're shoutin'," said Batty enthusiastically as he took the money. Then he disappeared in the betting-ring and Miss Gardiner leaned back with a little sigh. She was realizing that there are some things in the world outside of Fifth Avenue.

Three minutes before the bugle sounded, Batty reappeared. A handkerchief was bound across his left eye and there was a slight cut on his lip.

"Look like a mixed-ale party, don't I?" he inquired cheerfully.

Miss Gardiner was startled and half arose. Here was something else they didn't know on Fifth Avenue.

"Why, Mr. Logan——" she began.

"Oh, it's all right," said Batty deprecatingly.

"But—but that"—and she pointed to the handkerchief.

"Have Yer Cashed Yet?" He Queried

"Got somethin' in me eye," he explained hurriedly.

"Oh," said Miss Gardiner in a tone of vast relief. "What was it?"

"Aw, 'twas jus' a fellow's fist," and he grinned sheepishly.

Miss Gardiner's eyes blazed suddenly and her lips were white with anger, repressed only with an effort. Even Batty felt the tension; a glimmer of the offense he had given reached him and almost took his breath away.

"Gee, but yer ought to see the other fellow," he said in feeble extenuation. "He's ridin' our horse, Lady Jane."

Then the bugle sounded and the horses came parading past. By a gesture I attracted Miss Gardiner's attention in that direction, and glanced at Batty, on whose face was tense excitement and grim anger. I didn't know why, then.

Well, the race was run and Lady Jane won. Batty, exultant again, scuttled off to the betting-ring. He returned after a few minutes and dumped a handful of bills into Miss Gardiner's lap. She was trembling violently; her anger had almost been forgotten.

"There it is," said Batty humbly. "I didn't mean——"

Suddenly Miss Gardiner smiled bravely, radiantly.

"Lady Jane is the real cheese, isn't she?" she asked.

"She sure is," said Batty.

III

Batty Logan is speaking:

Say, Beau, ain't nothin' to it—I give myself a pain. Me! For three days I've had a grouch that'd curdle milk. I'm the real purchaser of sour apple juice, me. It sure is a heavy track to be on to yerself like that an' *know* yer're a dub. Honest, it's turned me appetite. I don't eat an' don't sleep an' don't nothin'. An' every time I look in a glass I wonder this face ain't fatal. I don't see how I can live with it.

Jus' let yer optics linger a minute on this bum lamp o' mine. Ain't it a thing of beauty an' a joy forever—nit? An' this bit o' fresco work on me upper lip—real hand carved an' guaranteed not to wash off. Honest now, ain't it a hell of a face? I don't blame the Goddess for bein' peevish about it. Suppose she should get a blink at it now? An' me sprainin' me intellect tryin' to make a hit in high life—with her.

Sure, I plinked the other fellow a few plunks, but he ain't tryin' to butt into swell society like me. It don't matter if he ain't got no face at all—he's married. It is some comfortin' to know he swallered three teeth an' that his lower jaw points due east from a wipe I give him—but that don't help this face o' mine any. No?

Who was it? Why, Kid Sears, the jock who rode Lady Jane that day. Hadn't you heard about it? You mean to say you don't know how it was we made that killin' for Division Street when it was all fixed another way? Didn't know it was fixed another way? Oh, me gran'mother! Gimme a match.

You know Kid Sears, the boy who rode Lady Jane. Well, *he* ain't no crook! Oh, no! He's as straight as a double bow-knot, he is! *He* wouldn't throw a race if somebody crowded a seven-dollar bill into *his* pants pocket! Not at all! He was set down out West for ridin' crooked so often that now if a steward looks at him twice he doubles up and goes chasin' for a chair.

I knowed that when I tipped you an' the Goddess to Lady Jane. But Sears had been ridin' only a week in the East an' I figured he'd have to make a straight race of it to cinch his job. Then I knowed Lady Jane, too. She never had started, but she works a mile a day or so before that in forty an' three-fifths, an' that's goin' some for a green horse. In the company she was in, she ought to win strollin' along pickin' her teeth, so I tipped yer.

But when I plunged for Division Street I got wise sudden. Gimme a match. The odds was only four to one when they should have been twenty easy on a horse that ain't never started. That meant that the bookies was wise to Lady Jane bein' pretty nearly the main chunk. I planted your bet an' mine; then, just as I put down the Goddess's ten-spot an' backed up to take a breath, a guy came along an' whispered to a tall boy with pink whiskers that I didn't happen to know.

"No, not to-day," I heard Pink Whiskers say. "She won't win at them odds."

Then I jus' naturally kept me lamps on Pink Whiskers. He bet two thou' piastres to win on a horse that wasn't Lady Jane. It behooved me to find out why, suddenly, an' casually I asked a bookie who used to work West who Pink Whiskers was.

"Jim Reed," he said. "Guess nobody in the East knows him much."

"Owner?" I asked.

"Sure," said the bookie. "He's got Lady Jane in this race."

Well, say, Beau, I nearly swallered me palate! The owner of Lady Jane bettin' two thou' against her, an' me tipping you an' the Goddess, knowin' the horse could win. Wasn't I the simple, guileless child, though—me getting a crimp like that thrown into me? Well, say! It was all 'cause the odds wasn't right.

"Think Lady Jane'll win?" I asked the bookie. I was wonderin' if he was wise to the doin's.

"Aw, go hide in yer hat!" said he, which meant that he was, an' I ducked.

Of course I could have put up a scream to the stewards, but they'd have called all bets off, an' there'd have to been a new book with Lady Jane at nothin' to one; so I got busy with meself.

(Concluded on Page 20)

A BARGAIN IN HEARTS

Mr. Cupid, Ad.-Writer

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

"I Don't See Anything in This that Says So"

IT WAS the old, old story:

"Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? You can't, of course. Then why be so absurd as to ask for her?"

Maximilian Coster was disposed to find amusement in the idea, it was so very ridiculous. It might be, as Albert Willitson asserted, that these two hearts temporarily beat as one, but that was no reason why they should be consolidated and placed under a sort of joint management when it was so very apparent that the consolidated hearts would suffer for lack of worldly sustenance. Given time, one or the other of them would get out of tune, and all would be well again.

"Understand me," said Coster; "it is not that I am looking for wealth for my daughter, but I certainly do not intend to be saddled with a son-in-law who can do no more than support himself in a hall bedroom."

This was unjust to Willitson, who had a large front room in a good boarding-house, but it could not be denied that he would experience difficulty in keeping up the material part of the life to which Annette Coster had been accustomed. He had not intended to attempt it as yet, and she was sure that love in a cottage would be entirely satisfactory. Her father would do something for his daughter, of course, and they could live in modest comfort until Albert achieved the success that would surely be his in time. She cared little for society and the luxuries, anyhow.

But here was a hard-headed old fellow who insisted upon an income of $5000 a year as a basis for a matrimonial beginning. With anything less, he held, there was no possibility of independence, and it was much easier for a young man who made this false start to learn to be dependent than to learn to be independent. It was not a question of money, but of manhood: if he began wrong he would probably become a mere annex to his father-in-law's family, and $5000 was little enough for the responsibilities he wished to assume. Annette now spent as much as that herself. Her father could afford it, and her father was not averse to contributing something toward the happiness and comfort of Annette after marriage, but Annette's husband must furnish the solid basis of family life, just to show that he was worthy of Annette.

Not all of this did Coster say, but it was what he thought, and he said enough to show that $5000 a year was an absolute necessity, in his opinion, and that Albert Willitson was, as a business proposition, no $5000 man. Wherefore his matrimonial aspirations were amusing, to put it mildly. And truly, there is a difference between $2000 and $5000 a year.

This was doubly annoying, because Willitson's salary came indirectly from Coster, and there certainly was no intimation here that that salary would be increased. Willitson was very sure that he was worth more, and he had rather hoped that Coster would see that he got it before the wedding-day. He thought he was worth $3000 a year, but he had not let his immediate hopes soar above $2500. And here was evidence that there was for him no future at all, either financial or matrimonial.

"What chance is there here?" he exclaimed bitterly. "The town is asleep. Put the figure at $3000, and I'll move to some other place and be making it inside of a year."

"Possibly," returned Coster with a patronizing smile, "although I doubt it. But, even so, that is not enough for a girl like Annette. It must be $5000, and it can be made here as easily as anywhere. I made my money here."

"You!" retorted Willitson. "Why, you simply came here first, got all the land, and waited for the town to grow."

This was not a wise thing to say, but Coster felt that he could afford to be tolerant.

"Yes," he said, "I invested my money wisely—not only in land, but in other things. I usually make a thing pay when I go into it."

"The Gazette, for instance."

Now, in a cooler moment Willitson never would have let his tongue so run away with him, but Coster's tone throughout had been galling. He had raised no objection to the young man personally, but he had shown clearly that he considered the condition he made an absolute bar and was not disposed to give the subject serious thought. It was as if he were discouraging a child that, in ignorance, was asking the impossible. But the Gazette was a sore point with him. He had put money into it, and more money, and still more money, and he never had taken any out. Just why he had bought the paper no one knew. Possibly it had offended him, and he had done it to show his power. Possibly he had loaned money and finally taken the paper in payment of the debt. Possibly he had had some idea of going to Congress, in which case this might not be a bad preliminary move. Whatever the reason, he had gained nothing by acquiring the paper and had lost much. There had not been even a chance to sell at any reasonable figure. So he had hung on, desperately determined that he would make something out of this ultimately, as he had out of everything else, and he had changed editors three times, but it always fell something short of making expenses. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why Willitson, who was city editor of the paper, was still getting less than he thought he earned.

At any rate the remark was not calculated to have a soothing effect upon Coster.

"The Gazette!" he exclaimed. "The trouble with the Gazette is that I can't find a newspaper man who knows anything about business—his own business or any other. I turn the paper over to you people, and you've been principally busy asking for checks ever since."

"Not me," corrected Willitson. "I wasn't even hired by you, but by your first editor, and I've lasted through three administrations, which shows that I'm pretty good in my department. But I have nothing to do with the business policy of your paper; I don't circulate it or sell the advertising space; I help to make the goods, but I'm politely requested to keep out of the sales department."

"Perhaps you think you could make it pay!" suggested Coster sarcastically.

"I make no such contention," returned Willitson, "but I couldn't make a worse failure of it than some of the men you've had."

"I'd think $5000 a year a cheap price to pay for a man who could make that paper pay," persisted Coster. "Do you want the job?"

Willitson hesitated, and Coster laughed disagreeably.

"I'll give you a year," Coster went on. "Put it on a paying basis—any sort of a paying basis—and you'll begin drawing $5000 a year from the moment you show me a balance on the right side."

Still Willitson hesitated. The proposition looked tempting, but others had tried and failed. Apparently, there was room for only one morning paper, and a rival sheet had been the first in the field by several years. He might simply waste a year to no purpose. But it was worth trying.

"There's your chance!" taunted Coster, who had been grievously irritated, and now felt that he had the young man in a tight place. "I'll make you a fair proposition: if you win, you have practically a life job at an increasing salary; if you lose, you're to pull out at the end of the year and never bother either me or Annette again. Is it a bargain?"

"No," answered Willitson, suddenly changing the decision he had reached. It was the stipulation as to Annette that settled the question for him; he would not agree to that unless he was very sure of winning.

"I thought not," remarked Coster in his most aggravating tone. "Well, I guess there's nothing more to be said."

There were tears when the result of this interview was reported to Annette. He would go away, where his salary would not be dependent upon the caprice of her father, for the existing situation put them altogether too much at Coster's mercy. Even an elopement was out of the question under such conditions. But he would come back for her, and she would wait for him. Meanwhile they would write to each other.

She tearfully agreed, and he continued to console her. It was very pleasant to console, and she seemed to derive much satisfaction from being consoled. She thought, too, that she might get her father, who was really very fond of her, to relent a little. But she couldn't understand why the condition imposed could not be accepted and fulfilled.

Willitson could understand, but that did not make his position any the less disagreeable and humiliating. There had been something contemptuous in Coster's tone and manner—something that would have goaded the young man into accepting if the stakes had been anything but hearts. And the town ought to be able to support two morning papers. It had the population and the necessary merchants, but the merchants were conservative and advertised very little. Willitson had worked on papers elsewhere, and he knew the supreme importance of advertising. Why couldn't the merchants see the value of it?

He asked one of them.

"What's the use?" was the reply. "We're running along pretty comfortable, and nothing's to be gained by stirring things up."

He asked another.

"Why don't Coster see the value of it himself?" this one retorted.

There was food for reflection in that. Coster was interested in many enterprises and absolutely controlled some. His influence could give the paper a lot of advertising, but he was as conservative as all the others.

Willitson asked his managing editor about this.

Annette

"He's as 'dead' as the rest of them," was the grumbling reply. "I tackled him on the subject, and I was shut up pretty short. 'Of course I could make the paper pay by transferring money from one pocket to another,' he said, 'but there's nothing in that. I'm not going to cut down the profits of my paying businesses to build up a profit here. Everything's got to stand on its own merits, and I'm not going to do any juggling with money to make things look a little better.' That's his position, and you can't budge him. He's an obstinate old fellow."

"It would be a good joke to make him provide his own newspaper profits," remarked Willitson.

"A good joke!" exclaimed the managing editor. "Why, I'd laugh myself to death!"

Willitson did not hand in his resignation that day. He would have to give Bailey, the managing editor, the

usual two-weeks' notice, and the first of the week would be time enough for the resignation. Meanwhile, he studied the advertising. There was an advertisement of gas stoves that particularly annoyed him. The gas company, in an effort to induce the use of more gas, was offering gas stoves at practically cost, but it was doing it in about two inches of space. A live company, in a live town, he thought, would take a column or so at least. And Coster was principal stockholder in the gas company.

In another place there was a two-inch advertisement of oil stoves. Wesley & Co. had recently laid in a pretty good stock of oil stoves, and the gas company proposition was interfering with their sale. He remembered hearing Wesley complain of that.

At the first opportunity he looked up Wesley, and he found the merchant discouraged and disgruntled.

"The gas company," said Wesley, "has laid in a big stock of gas stoves, and they'll just about run oil out of the market. They're printing advertisements of their stoves on all their gas bills. Coal and wood have looked pretty good to most people here up to now, and I was just getting them educated up to oil."

Willitson suggested extensive advertising, but Wesley did not see much in that; people paid little attention to advertising, anyhow. Willitson was sure he could demonstrate that the contrary was true. Would Wesley let him try? Well, Wesley was not much of a man for experiments, but he was willing to try one, if it didn't cost much.

"I'll think it over," said Willitson, "and perhaps I'll be able to submit a proposition that will look good to you."

Then Willitson hunted up "Cap" Barnes, who owned and ran the two steamboats that made excursions up and down the river. "Cap" was disgruntled, also, for the public was contracting the habit of going to its picnics by trolley. The trolley, however, did not cross the river at this point, and there was an excellent location for picnic grounds on the other side. Willitson even went to see the man who owned this land.

He had many obstacles to overcome, but he had one argument that was unusually effective, and this argument was always advanced under a pledge of secrecy. As a result of his success with this, he began to take a really cheerful view of the situation, and, instead of resigning, he notified Coster that he was prepared to take charge of the paper for a year under the conditions previously offered.

"Then I suppose I'll have to let Bailey out," said Coster. "Well, I'm pretty thoroughly disgusted with him, anyhow. He had the nerve to try to get me to do wasteful advertising to help out the paper. Of course, I could make it pay if I put all my other profits into its columns, but that isn't my way."

"I don't want Bailey dropped," returned Willitson. "He and I understand each other now, and we'll work together. I shall continue temporarily in my present position, but Bailey will relieve me of some of the work, and I am to be, regardless of my apparent position, in absolute control of the paper."

"Go ahead," agreed Coster, after making some stipulations as to editorial policy, as a precaution against any future trouble.

There were to be no clandestine meetings with Annette, but he was to have the privilege of calling upon the same terms as other young men. He made his first call, under this agreement, very promptly, but it was not altogether a pleasant one. Consoling her was just as delightful an occupation as ever, but they were staking so much on this bargain that they were both anxious. And Coster went about with the air of a man supremely self-satisfied—a man who had solved an awkward problem cleverly and could afford to look with tolerant contempt upon the beaten man.

But Coster's air changed when a column advertisement of oil stoves appeared. It was not the space that disturbed him, but this line at the top of the advertisement:

"DO YOU WANT BIGGER GAS BILLS?"

The gas bill is a sore point with the average householder: he has a natural grudge against the gas company, and he resents having to pay money to it. Consequently, this was a very "catchy" line, and lured the reader on to an argument for the oil stove.

"Wesley is a fool!" grumbled Coster; "but people do hate to pay gas bills, and that sort of thing hurts. Anything by which they can divert money from a gas company pleases them."

The next day Wesley had two columns, with the heading:

"DON'T YOU PAY THE GAS COMPANY ENOUGH NOW?"

"He'll go broke on advertising," was Coster's consoling reflection.

The third day, however, Wesley had half a page, and the manager of the gas company called Coster up to say that that sort of thing was bound to do harm.

"My own paper, too!" muttered Coster, and he went to see Willitson.

"I won't stand it!" he declared. "It's an attack on my own interests by my own paper!"

"Entirely legitimate advertising," returned Willitson. "I don't see how I can throw it out. Wesley wants to sell his oil stoves, and I understand he's doing it, too."

"But the gas company has a big stock of gas stoves on hand!" Coster blurted out angrily. "And every one of them sold means more revenue from gas! Do you think I am going to let my own paper wreck a good thing like that? It's got to stop!"

Willitson spread his agreement with Coster out on the desk before him and looked it over carefully.

"When I Want Anything I Pay the Price Necessary to Get It"

"I don't see anything in this that says so," he remarked. "But, of course, if it hurts your business the advertising columns of the Gazette are open to you."

Coster said something that was not polite, but Willitson remained imperturbable.

"Possibly it may interest you to know," Willitson went on, "that we are making a campaign for circulation just now, and are sending the paper, on trial, to a large number of people who are not subscribers."

Coster swore that he certainly would not be blackmailed out of an advertisement, even by his own paper, but he thought better of this after an interview with the manager of the gas company. Something had to be done in self-defense. Of course, to spite the Gazette, they might advertise in its rival, the Chronicle, but would that reach the same people? Would it not be better to demonstrate the merits of their proposition just where the attack had been made? Coster thought it would. He also thought it just as well, if they had to spend this money, to place it where it would do him some good; but this he did not say.

The gas company replied in a half-page advertisement, and the war was on. Incidentally, the Chronicle derived some benefit from the excitement, but the real battle was fought in the advertising columns of the Gazette, and it was so fierce a one that it astonished Coster: he had not supposed that Wesley had the necessary money to make such a fight. Then it occurred to him that there was what he termed "some skulduggery," and he went to Willitson again.

"Are you carrying Wesley on the books?" he demanded.

"I don't see what business that is of yours," answered Willitson. "If I put the paper on a paying basis, that's all you have a right to ask. However, I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I have Wesley on a sliding-scale contract. I let him start for almost nothing, and I wrote his first advertisements."

"You wrote them!"

"Certainly; we aim to please here, and a man must always be ready to help an advertiser out. He wanted to sell his stoves, and he's doing it. So are you. Everybody is throwing out coal and wood and taking to gas or oil. We've got them excited. And Wesley's advertising rate is increasing steadily. If it didn't pay he was to have the privilege of quitting; if it did, we were to nurse him up to the top rate. It pays. Aside from oil stoves, he tells me the attention attracted has increased his other sales thirty per cent. And it has waked up other advertisers, too: they're all doing a little better than they were."

"But the gas company!"

"Oh, I'm not interested in the gas company; I'm looking after the paper."

Coster went away dazed. His company was getting practically no profit on the stoves, so the advertising expenses had to come out of other revenues. The plan, of course, was to increase the consumption of gas, but it would take time to get these unexpected expenses back that way.

A day or so later "Cap" Barnes' advertisement appeared. There was to be a Labor-Day picnic before long, and "Cap" made a strong bid for it. He also wanted pretty much everything else in the line of picnics and pleasure parties. A pavilion and a few swings had transformed a little stretch of wooded land on the other side of the river into an outing park, and "Cap" had arranged to put on an extra steamboat whenever necessary. Very pertinently he inquired in his advertisement:

"WHY NOT GET AWAY FROM THE DUST?"

And again:

"HAS THE TROLLEY COMPANY EARNED YOUR GRATITUDE?"

There had been much complaint of crowded and dirty cars in the ordinary daily traffic of the town, and this was appealing to prejudice in a very annoying way. The trolley company had a park, and much of its revenue came from picnics and excursions. Truly, it would be a hurtful thing to let the people get in the habit of going across the river. The manager of the company said as much to Coster, its president.

"It doesn't seem right to let your paper hit at us that way," said the manager.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Coster, who was not prepared to admit that he did not control his own paper. "I don't see how I can interfere with an advertiser as long as he doesn't say anything libelous or improper."

Thus was Coster forced into a defense of a course that he privately considered absolutely outrageous, and it did not tend to put him in good humor.

"Did you write that advertisement, too?" he demanded of Willitson.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Isn't it a dandy?"

"Sliding scale?" asked Coster, ignoring the question.

"Of course."

"Well, I want the sliding scale, too."

"Oh, no," answered Willitson. "I couldn't agree to that. You see, in opening up a new advertising field we have to make some secret concessions, but only to get things started. The advertising columns are open——"

Just where Coster said he would "see" those advertising columns before he would be "held up" for another advertisement is a matter of no moment. It is enough to say that he gave evidence of excitement when he left, and that he derived very little consolation from his later interview with the trolley company manager. "Cap" Barnes was making strenuous efforts to capture the Labor-Day demonstration, and he certainly was diverting many minor excursions to his boats. He always had done a little business of this sort, but now he seemed to be going after it aggressively.

The trolley company held off for a little while, but Coster finally left everything to the manager, and the next day a

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"A-Babbled o' Green Fields"

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A Desert Scorpion, Outcast by Society and Proud of It

OUR town is set upon a hillside rising from a prairie stream. Forty years ago the stream ran through a thick woodland nearly a mile wide, and in the woodland were stately elms, and spreading walnut trees, and shapely oaks, and gaunt white sycamores, and straight bushy hackberries, which shook their fruit upon the ice in spots least frequented by skaters. Along the draws that emptied into the stream were papaw trees with their tender foliage, and their soft wood, which little boys delighted to cut for stick horses. Beneath all these trees grew a dense underbrush, of buckeyes, and blackberries, and raspberries, and gooseberries, and little red winter berries called Indian beads by the children. Wild grapevines, and "poison" grapes, and ivies of both kinds wove the woods into a summer mass of green. And in the clearings, and bordering the wood, grew the sumac, that flared red at the very thought of Jack Frost's coming. In these woods the boys of our town—many of whom have been dead these twenty years—used to lay their traps for the monsters of the forest, and, in winter, trudging back from the timber before breakfast, brought home redbirds and rabbits and squirrels. Sometimes a particularly doughty woodsman would report that there were wildcat tracks about his trap; but none of us ever saw a wildcat, though Enoch Martin, whose father's father had heard a wildcat scream and had taught the boy its cry, would hide in a hollow sycamore and screech until the little boys were terrified and would not go to their traps alone for days.

In summer, boys—usually from the country or from a neighboring town—caught 'coons, and dragged them chained through alleys for our boys to see, and 'Dory Paine had an owl which was widely sought by other boys in the circus and menagerie line. The boys of our town in that day seemed to live in the woods and around the long millpond. Though the little boys were afraid of Indians or gipsies stealing them—a boy's superstition, which experience has proved too good to be true—they fared forth to the riffle below the dam, which deepens in the shade under the water elm; this was the pool known as "baby hole," despised of the ten-year-olds who plunged into the deepest of the thicket and came out at the limekiln, where all day long one might hear "so-deep—so-deep—so-deep" and "go-round—go-round—go-round," until school took up in the fall. Then the rattle of little home-made wagons and the shrilling of boy voices might be heard all over the wilderness, and the black-stained hands of schoolboys told of the day of the walnut harvest. It was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse to the woods, and yet of winter afternoons no schoolma'am could keep the boys from using schoolhours to dig out the screwholes and heelplates of their boots before wadding them with paper. And at four o'clock a troop of boys would burst forth from that school so wildly that General Durham of the Statesman, whose office we used to pass with a roar, always looked up from his work to say: "Well, I see hell's out for noon again."

In the spring the boys fished, and of Saturdays, go up or down the river on either side, where one would, he was never out of sight of some thoughtful boy either sitting on a stump or on some log stretching into the stream, or squatting on a muddy bank with his worm-can beside him, throwing a line into the deep, green, quiet water. Always it was to the woods one went to find a lost boy, for the brush was alive with fierce pirates, and blood-bound brotherhoods, and gory Indian fighters, and dauntless scouts. Under the red-clay banks that rose above the sluggish stream robbers' caves, and treasure houses, and freebooters' dens were filled with boys who, five days in the week and six hours a day, could "*amo-amas-amat, amamus-amatis-amant*" with the best of them. On Sundays these same boys sat with trousers creeping above the wrinkles at the ankles of their copper-toed, red-topped boots, and recited golden texts, sang When He Cometh, and read with much virtuous indignation of little Joseph's wicked brothers who put him in a pit, while planning worse for their own little brothers. After the Sunday-school was over these highly respectable young persons walked sedately in their best clothes over the scenes of their Saturday crimes.

They say the woods are gone now; certainly the trees have been cut away and the underbrush burned; cornfields cover the former scenes of valorous achievement; but none the less the woods are there. Every nook and cranny is as it was, despite the cornfields. Scattered about the sad old earth live men who could walk blindfolded over the dam, across the millrace, around the bend, through the papaw patch, to the grapevine home of the Slaves of the Magic Tree, and they could find their trail under the elderbushes in Boswell's Ravine, though they came—as they often come—at the dead of night from great cities and from mountain camps and from across seas, and foregather there, in the smoke and dirt of the rendezvous, to eat their unsalted sacrificial rabbit. They can follow the circuitous route around John Betty's hog lot, to avoid the enemy, as easily to-day as they could follow it before the axe and the fire and the plow made their fine pretense of changing the landscape. And when Joe Nevison gets ready to signal them from his seat high in the crotch of the oak tree across the creek, the Slaves of the Tree will come to obey their leader. They say the tree is gone, and that Joe is gone, but we know better. For at night, when we hear the notes from the pumpkin-stem reed, we come and sit in the branches beneath him and plan our raids and learn our passwords, and swear our vengeance upon such as cross our pathway when the Tree has called us. There may have been a time when men thought the Slaves of the Tree were disbanded; indeed, it did seem so, but as the years go by one by one they come wandering back, take their places in the branches of the Magic Tree, swing far out over the world like birds, and summon again the genie who has slept for nearly forty years.

Of course, we knew Joe would be the first one back; he didn't care what they said—even then; he registered his oath that it made no difference what they did to him or what the others did; he would never desert the Tree. He commanded all of us to come back; if not by day, then to gather in the moonlight and bring our chicken for the altar and our eggs for the ceremony, and he promised that he would be there. We were years and years obeying Joe Nevison—many of us have had long journeys to go; and some of us lead little children by the hand as we creep up the hollow, crawl through the gooseberry bushes, and 'coon the log over the chasm to our meeting-place. But we are nearly all there now; and in the moonlight, when the corn seems to be waving over a wide field, a tree springs up by the genie's hand and we take our places as of old.

Many years have passed since Marshal Furgeson stood those seven Slaves of the Magic Tree before the calaboose door and made them surrender their feathered cork apple-stealers and their sacred chicken-hooks. In those years many terrors have ridden the boys who have gone out into the world to fight its dragons and grapple with its gorgons; but never have those boys felt any happiness so sweet as that which rested on their hearts when they heard the marshal say, "Now you boys run home—but, mind you, if I ever——" And he never did—except Joe Nevison. Once it was for boring a hole in the depot platform and tapping a barrel of cider; once it was for going through a window in the Hustler hardware store and taking a box of pocket-knives and two revolvers with which to reward his gang; and finally, when the boy was in the midst of his teens, for breaking into the schoolhouse and burning books. Joe's father always bought him off—as fathers always can buy boys off, when mothers go to the offended persons and promise and beg and weep for their boys. So Joe Nevison grew up the town bad boy—defiant of law, reckless, unrestrained, with the blood of border ruffianism in his veins, and the scorn of God and man and the love of sin in his heart. The week after he left town, before he was twenty, his father paid for "Red" Martin's gray racehorse which disappeared the night Joe's bed was found empty. In those days the Nevisons had more money than most of the people in our town, but as the years went by they began to lose their property, and it was said that it went in great slices to Joe—to keep him out of the penitentiary.

We knew that Joe Nevison was in the West. People from our town, who seem to swarm over the earth, wrote back that they had met Joe in Dodge City, in Leoti, in Noman's-Land, in Texas, in Arizona—wherever there was trouble. Sometimes he was the hired bad man of a desert town, whose business it was to shoot terror into the hearts of disturbers from rival towns; sometimes he was a free-lance—living the devil knows how—always dressed like a fashion-plate of the plains in high-heeled boots, wide felt hat, flowing necktie, flannel shirt and velvet trousers. They say he did not gamble—more than was common among the sporting men of his class—and that he never worked. Sometimes we heard of him adventuring as land-dealer, sometimes as a cattleman, sometimes as a mining promoter, sometimes as a horseman—but always as a sharper, who rode on the crest of the forward wave of civilization, leaving a town when it tore down its tents and put up brick buildings, and appearing in the next canvas community, wherein the night was filled with music, and the cares that infest the day might be drowned in bad whisky or winked out with powder and shot.

And thus Joe Nevison closed his twenties—a desert scorpion, outcast by society and proud of it. As he passed into his thirties he left even the smoky human crystals that formed on cow-trails and at mountain gold-camps; Cripple Creek became too effete for him, and an electric light in a tent became a target he could not resist; wherefore he went into the sagebrush and the short grass, seeking others of his kind—the human rattlesnake, the ranging coyote and the outlawed wolf. Joe Nevison rode with the Dalton gang, raided ranches and robbed banks with the McWhorters, and held up stages as a lone highwayman. At least so men said in the West, though no one could prove it, and he appeared at the opening of Lawton at the head of a band of cutthroats, who were herded out of town by the deputy United States marshals before noon of the first day. Not until popular government was established could they get in and open their skin game, which was better and safer than ordinary highway faring.

At Lawton our people saw Joe and he asked about the home people—asked about the boys—the old boys, he

Pulled Open the Drawer and Found a Little Varnished Box

called them, and, being possessed of a post-office address, Joe wrote a long letter to George Kirwin, the foreman of our office. We call him old George because he is still under forty. Joe being in an expansive mood, with more money in his clothes than he cared for, sent old George ten dollars to pay for a dollar Joe had borrowed the day he left town in the eighties. We printed Joe's letter in our paper, and it pleased his mother. And that was the beginning of a regular correspondence between the rover and the homestayer.

George Kirwin—gaunt, taciturn and hardworking had grown out of the dreamy, story-loving boy who had been one of the Slaves of the Magic Tree, into a shy old bachelor who wept over East Lynne whenever it came to the town Opera House, and who only asked for a lay-off when Modjeska appeared in Topeka or when there was grand opera at Kansas City. But he ruled the back office with an iron hand and superintended the Mission Sunday-school across the track, putting all his spare money into Christmas presents for his pupils.

After the first letter came from Joe Nevison no one had a hint of what passed between the two men. But a month never went by that Joe's letter missed. When Lawton began to wane, Joe Nevison seemed to mend his wayward course and went to South McAlester and opened a faro game—a square game they said it was, for the Territory! This meant that unless Joe was hard up every man had his chance before the wheel. Old George took the longest trip of his life when we got him a pass to South McAlester and he put on his black frock-coat and went to visit Joe. All that we learned of him was that Joe "had changed a good deal," and also that he was "taking everything in the drug store, from the big green bottle at the right of the front door, clear around past the red prescription case, and back to the big blue bottle at the left of the door." But after George came home the Mission Sunday-school began to thrive. George was not afraid of tainted money, and the school got a new library which included Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn as well as Hans Brinkman's Silver Skates for the boys, and all the Pansy books for the girls. It was a quaint old lot of books, and George Kirwin was nearly a year getting it together. Also, he got a new stove for the Sunday-school room, [illegible] Wide Awake and Fast Asleep, Simply to Thy Cross and The Old Oaken Bucket, among others, for the church walls; and he bought a cabinet organ with more stops than most of the children could count.

A year ago [illegible] reporter brought in this item:

"Joseph Nevison, of South McAlester, Indian Territory, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Julia N[illegible] at 200 South Fifth Street."

We sent the reporter out for more about Joe Nevison, and at noon George Kirwin hurried down to the little home below the tracks.

From the two searchers for truth we learned that Joe Nevison's mother had brought him home from the Indian Territory mortally sick. Half a dozen of us who had played with him as boys went to see him that evening, and found a wan, haggard man with burned-out black eyes lying in the clean white bed. He seemed to know each of us for a moment and spoke to us through his delirium in a tired, piping voice—like the voice of the little boy who had been our leader. He called us by forgotten nicknames, and hummed at a tune that we had not heard for a score of years. Then he piped out While the Landlubbers Lie Down Below, Below, Below, and followed that with Green Grass Growing All Around, All Around, and that with the song about the Tonga Islands, his voice growing into a [illegible]er alto as he sang. His mother tried to quiet him, but he smiled his dead smile at her through his cindery eyes and shook his head and went on. When he had lain quiet for a moment, he turned to one of us and said: "Dock I'm goin' up and dive off that stump—a back flipflop—you dassent!" Pretty soon he seemed to come up snuffing and blowing and grinning, and said: "Last man dressed's got to chaw beef" Then he cried: "Dock's it—Dock's it; catch 'im! hold him—there he goes duck him, strip him! Oh, well, let him go if he's go'n' to cry. Say, boys, I wish you fellers'd come over t' my stick horse livery-stable. Honest, I got the best hickory horse you ever see. Whoa there—whoa, now, I tell you! You, Pilliken Dunlevy, let me harness you. There, put it under your arm, and back of your neck. No, I ain't go'n' to let you hold it—I'll jerk the tar out of you if you don't go. Whe-e-e, that's the way to go! Hol—hold—on, whoa there! Back up. Le's go over to Jim's and run on his track. Say, Jim, I got the best lit' pacer in the country here. Get up. There, Pilliken!" And he clucked and sawed his arms, and cracked an imaginary whip.

When George came in, the face on the bed brightened and the treble voice said: "Hello, Fatty—we been waitin' for you. Now le's go on. What you got in your wagon? Humph! Bet it's a pumpkin. Did old Boswell chase you?"

And then he laughed, and turned away from us. His trembling hands seemed to be fighting something from his face. "Rushes," whispered Enoch Martin, and then added: "Now he's climbing up the bank of the ravine." And we saw the lean hands on the bed clutch up the wall,

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Opening and Shutting His Bony Hands to Let the Music Rise and Fall

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

XV—WHAT SHE CAME TO SEE

BUT in this matter my prognostication was thoroughly at fault; yet surely, knowing Kings Port's sovereign habit, as I had had good cause to know it, I was scarce beyond reasonable bounds in supposing that the arrival of Miss Rieppe would heat up some very general and very audible talk about this approaching marriage, against which the prejudices of the town were set in such compact array. I have several times mentioned that Kings Port, to my sense, was buzzing over John Mayrant's affairs; buzzing in the open, where one could hear it, and buzzing behind closed doors, where one could somehow feel it; I can only say that henceforth this buzzing ceased, dropped wholly away, as if gossip were watching so hard she forgot to talk, giving place to a great stillness in her kingdom. Such occasional words as were uttered sounded oddly and egregiously clear in the new established void.

The first of these words sounded, indeed, quite enormous, issuing as it did from Juno's lips at our breakfast-table, when yesterday's meeting on the New Bridge was investing my mind with many thoughts. She addressed me in one of her favorite tones (I have met it, thank God! but in two or three other cases during my whole experience), which always somehow conveyed to you that you were personally to blame for what she was going to tell you.

"I suppose you know that your friend, Mr. Mayrant, has resigned from the custom house?"

I was, of course, careful not to give Juno the pleasure of seeing that she had surprised me. I bowed, and continued in silence to sip a little coffee; then, setting my coffee down, I observed that it would be some few days yet before the resignation could take effect; and, noticing that Juno was getting ready some new remark, I branched off and spoke to her of my excursion up the river this morning to see the azaleas in the gardens at Live Oaks.

"How lucky the weather is so magnificent!" I exclaimed.

"I shall be interested to hear," said Juno, "what explanation he finds to give Miss Josephine for his disrespectful holding out against her, and his immediate yielding to Miss Rieppe."

Here I deemed it safe to ask her, was she quite sure it had been at the instance of Miss Rieppe that John had resigned?

"It follows suspiciously close upon her arrival," stated Juno. She might have been speaking of a murder. "And how he expects to support a wife *now*—well, that is no affair of mine," Juno concluded, with a washing-her-hands-of-it air, as if up to this point she had always done her best for the willful boy. She had blamed him savagely for not resigning, and now she was blaming him because he had resigned; and I ate my breakfast in much entertainment over this female acrobat in censure.

No more was said; I think that my manner of taking Juno's news had been perfectly successful in disappointing her. John's resignation, if it had really occurred, did certainly follow very close upon the arrival of Hortense; but I had spoken one true thought in intimating that I doubted if it was due to the influence of Miss Rieppe. It seemed to me to the highest degree unlikely that the boy in his present state of feeling would do anything he did not wish to do because his lady-love happened to wish it—except marry her! There was apparently no doubt he would do that. Did she want him, poverty and all? Was she, even now, with eyes open, deliberately taking her last farewell days of automobiles and of steam yachts? That voice of hers, that rich summons, with its quiet certainty of power, sounded in my memory. "John," she had called to him from the automobile; and thus John had gone away in it, wedged in among Charley and the fat cushions and all the money and glass eyes. And now he had resigned from the custom house! Yes, that was, whatever it signified, truly amazing—if true.

So I continued to ponder quite uselessly until the up-country bride aroused me. She, it appeared, had been greatly carried away by the beauty of Live Oaks, and was making her David take her there again this morning; and she was asking me didn't I hope we shouldn't get stuck? The people had got stuck yesterday, three whole hours, right on a bank in the river; and wasn't it a sin and a shame to run a boat with ever so many passengers aground? By the doctrine of chances, I informed her, we had every right to hope for better luck to-day; and, with the assurance of how much my felicity was increased by the prospect of having her and David as company during the expedition, I betook myself meanwhile to my own affairs, which meant chiefly a call at the Exchange to inquire for Eliza La Heu, and a visit to the post-office.

A few steps from our front door I came upon John Mayrant, and saw at once too plainly that no ease had come to his spirit during the hours since the bridge. He was just emerging from an adjacent house.

"And have you resigned?" I asked him.

"Yes. That's done. You haven't seen Miss Rieppe this morning?"

"Why, she's surely not boarding with Mrs. Trevise?"

"No; stopping here with her old friend, Mrs. Cornerly." He indicated the door he had come from. "Of course, you

wouldn't be likely to see her pass!" And with that he was gone.

That he was greatly stirred up by something there could be no doubt; never before had I seen him so abrupt; it seemed clear that anger had taken the place of despondency, or whatever had been his previous mood; and by the time I reached the post-office I had already imagined and dismissed the absurd theory that John was jealous of Charley, had resigned from the custom house as a first step toward breaking his engagement, and had rung Mrs. Cornerly's bell at this early hour with the purpose of informing his lady-love that all was over between them Jealousy would not be likely to produce this set of manipulations in young, foolish John; and I may say here at once, what I somewhat later learned, that the boy had come with precisely the opposite purpose, namely, to repeat and reënforce his steadfast constancy, and that it was something far removed from jealousy which had spurred him to this. I found the girl behind the counter at her post, grateful to me for coming to ask how she was after the shock of yesterday, but unwilling to speak of it at all; all which she expressed by her charming manner, and by the other subjects she chose for conversation, and especially by the way in which she held out her hand when I took my leave.

Near the post-office I was hailed by Beverly Rodgers, who proclaimed to me at once a comic but genuine distress. He had already walked, he said (and it was but half-past nine o'clock, as he bitterly bid me observe on the church dial), more miles in search of a drink than his unarithmetical brain had the skill to compute. And he confounded such a town heartily; he should return as soon as possible to Charley's yacht, where there was civilization, and where he had spent the night. During his search he had at length come to a door of promising appearance, and gone in there, and they had explained to him that it was a dispensary. A beastly arrangement. What was the name of the razor-back hog they said had invented it? And what did you do for a drink in this confounded water-hole?

He would find it no water-hole, I told him; but there were methods which a stranger upon his first morning could scarce be expected to grasp. "I could direct you to a Dutchman," I said, "but you're too well dressed to win his confidence at once"

"Well, old man," began Beverly, "I don't speak Dutch, but give me a crack at the confidence."

However, he renounced the project upon learning what a Dutchman was. Since my hours were no longer dedicated to establishing the presence of royal blood in my veins I had spent them upon various local investigations of a character far more entertaining and akin to my taste. It was in truth quite likely that Beverly could in a very few moments, with his smile and his manner, find his way to any Dutchman's heart; he had that divine gift of winning over to him quickly all sorts and conditions of men; and my account of the ingenious and law-baffling contrivances, which you found at these little grocery shops, decidedly roused his curiosity to make a trial; but he decided that the club was better, if less picturesque. And he told me that all the men of the automobile party had received from John Mayrant cards of invitation to the club.

"Your fire-eater is a civil chap," said Beverly. "And, by the way, do you happen to know," here he pulled from his pocket a letter and consulted its address, "Mrs. Weguelin St Michael?"

I was delighted that he brought an introduction to this lady; Hortense Rieppe could not open for him any of those haughty doors; and I wished not only that Beverly (since he was just the man to appreciate it and understand it) should see the fine flower of Kings Port, but also that the fine flower of Kings Port should see him; the best blood of the South could not possibly turn out anything better than Beverly Rodgers, and it was horrible and humiliating to think of the other Northern specimens of men whom Hortense had imported with her. I was here suddenly reminded that the young woman was a guest of the Cornerlys, the people who swept their garden, the people whom Eliza La Heu at the Exchange did not "know"; and at this the remark of Mrs. Gregory St. Michael, when I had walked with her and Mrs. Weguelin, took on an added lustre of significance:

"We shall have to call."

Call on the Cornerlys! Would they do that? Were they ready to stand by their John to that tune? A hotel would be nothing; you could call on anybody at a hotel, if you had to; but here would be a *démarche* indeed! Yet, nevertheless, I felt quite certain that, if Hortense, though the Cornerlys' guest, was also the guaranteed fiancée of John Mayrant, the old ladies would come up to the scratch, hate and loathe it as they might, and undoubtedly would: they could be trusted to do the right thing.

I told Beverly how glad I was that he would meet Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael. "The rest of your party, my friend," I said, "are not very likely to." And I generalized

to him briefly upon the town of Kings Port. "Supposing I take you to call upon Mrs. St. Michael when I come back this afternoon?" I suggested.

Beverly thought it over, and then shook his head. "Wouldn't do, old man. If these people are particular and *know*, as you say they do, hadn't I better leave the letter with my card, and then wait till she sends some word?"

He was right, as he always was, unerringly. Consorting with all the Charleys, and the Bohms, and the Cohns and the Kitties hadn't taken the fine edge from Beverly's good inheritance and good bringing up; his instinct had survived his scruples, making of him an agile and charming cynic, whom you could trust to see the right thing always, and never do it unless it was absolutely necessary; he would marry any amount of Kitties for their money, and always know that beside his mother and sisters they were as dirt; and he would see to it that his children took after their father, went to school in England for a good accent and enunciation, as he had done, went to college in America for the sake of belonging in their own country, as he had done, and married as many fortunes, and had as few divorces, as possible.

"Who was that girl on the bridge?" he now inquired as we reached the steps of the post-office, and when I had told him again, because he had asked me about Eliza La Heu at the time, "She's the real thing," he commented. "Quite extraordinary, you know, her dignity, when poor old awful Charley was messing everything—he's so used to mere money, you know, that he forgets people are people half the time, and you have to kick him to remind him—yes, quite perfect dignity. Gad, it took a lady to climb up and sit by that ragged old darky and take her dead dog away in the cart! The cart and the darky only made her look what she was all the more. Poor Kitty couldn't do that—she'd look like a chambermaid! Well, old man, see you again."

I stood on the post-office steps looking after Beverly Rodgers as he crossed Court Street. His admirably good clothes, the easy finish of his whole appearance, even his walk, and his back, and the slope of his shoulders, were unmistakable. The Southern men, going to their business in Court Street, looked at him. Alas, in his outward man he was as a rose among weeds! And certainly, no well-born American could unite with an art more hedonistic than Beverly's the old school and the *nouveau jeu!*

Over at the other corner he turned and stood, admiring the church and gazing at the other buildings, and so perceived me still on the steps. With a gesture of remembering something he crossed back again

"You've not seen Miss Rieppe?"

"Why, of course I haven't!" I exclaimed. Was everybody going to ask me that?

"Well, something's up, old boy. Charley has got the launch away with him—and I'll bet he's got her away with him, too. Charley lied this morning."

"Is lying, then, so rare with him?"

"Why, it rather is, you know. But I've come to be able to spot him when he does it. Those little bulgy eyes of his look at you particularly straight and childlike. He said he had to hunt up a man on business—V-C Chemical Company, he called it ——"

"There is such a thing here," I said.

"Oh, Charley'd never make up a thing, and get found out in that way! But he was lying all the same, old man."

"Do you mean they've run off and got married?"

"What do you take them for? Much more like them to run off and not get married. But they haven't done that either. And, speaking of that, I believe I've gone a bit adrift. Your fire-eater, you know—she is an extraordinary woman!" And Beverly gave his mellow, little, humorous chuckle. "Hanged if I don't begin to think she does fancy him."

"Well!" I cried, "that would explain—no, it wouldn't. Whence comes your theory?"

"Saw her look at him at dinner once last night. We dined with some people—Cornerly. She looked at him just once. Well, if she intends—by gad, it upsets one's whole notion of her!"

"Isn't just one look rather slight basis for——"

"Now, old man, you know better than that!" Beverly paused to chuckle. "My grandmother Livingston," he resumed, "knew Aaron Burr, and she used to say that he had an eye which no honest woman could meet without a blush. I don't know whether your fire-eater is a Launcelot, or a Galahad, but that girl's eye at dinner——"

"Did *he* blush?" I laughed.

"Not that I saw. But really, old man, confound it, you know! He's no sort of husband for her. How can he make her happy and how can she make him happy, and how can either of them hit it off with the other the least little bit? She's expensive, he's not; she's up-to-date, he's not; she's of the great world, he's provincial. She's all derision, he's all faith. Why, hang it, old boy, what does she want him for?"

Beverly's handsome brow was actually furrowed with his problem; and, as I certainly could furnish him no solution for it, we stood in silence on the post-office steps "What *can* she want him for?" he repeated. Then he threw it off lightly with one of his chuckles. "So glad I've no daughters to marry! Well—I must go draw some money."

He took himself off with a certain alacrity, giving an impatient cut with his stick at a sparrow in the middle of Worship Street, nor did I see him again this day, although, after hurriedly getting my letters (for the starting-hour of the boat had now drawn near), I followed where he had gone down Court Street, and his cosmopolitan figure would have been easy to descry at any distance along that scantily-peopled pavement. He had evidently found the bank and was getting his money.

David of the yellow hair and his limpid-looking bride were on the horrible little excursion boat watching for me and keeping with some difficulty a chair next themselves that I might not have to stand up all the way, and, as I came aboard, the bride called out to me her relief; she had made sure that I would be late.

"David said you wouldn't," she announced in her clear up-country accent across the parasols and heads of huddled tourists, "but I told him a gentleman that's late to three meals aivry day like as not would forget boats can't be kept hot in the kitchen for you."

I took my place in the chair beside her as hastily as possible, for there is nothing that I so much dislike as being made conspicuous for any reason whatever; and my thanks to her were, I fear, less gracious in their manner than should have been the case. Nor did she find me, I must suppose, as companionable during this excursion—during the first part of it, at any rate—as a limpid-looking bride, who has kept at some pains a seat beside her for a single gentleman, has the right to expect: the brief hours of this morning had fed my preoccupation too richly, and I must often have fallen silent.

The horrible little tug, or ferry, or wherry, or whatever its contemptible inconvenience makes it fitting that this unclean and snail-like craft should be styled, cast off and began to lumber along the edges of the town with its dense cargo of hats and parasols and lunch parcels. We were a most extraordinary litter of man and woman kind. There was the severe New England type, improving each shining hour, and doing it in bleak costume and with a thoroughly northeast expression; there were pink sunbonnets from (I should imagine) Spartanburg, or Charlotte, or Greenville; there were masculine boots which yet bore incrusted upon their heels the red mud of Aiken or of Camden; there was one fat jeweled exhalation who spoke of Palm Beach with the true stockyard twang, and looked as if she swallowed a million every morning for breakfast, and God knows how many more for the ensuing repasts—she was the only detestable specimen among us; sunbonnets, boots, and even uninviting New England, proved on acquaintance kindly, simple, enterprising Americans; yet who knows if sunbonnets and boots and all of us wouldn't have become just as detestable had we but been as she was, swollen and puffy with the acute indigestion of sudden wealth?

This reflection made me charitable, which I always like to be, and I imparted it to the bride.

"My!" she said. And I really don't know what that meant.

But presently I understood well why people endured the discomfort of this journey. I forgot the cinders which now and then showered upon us, and the heat of the sun, and the crowded chairs; I forgot the boat and myself in looking at the passing shores. Our course took us round Kings Port on three sides. The calm, white town spread out its width and length beneath a blue sky softer than the tenderest dream; the white steeples shone through the enveloping brightness, taking to each other, and to the distant roofs beneath them, successive and changing relations, while the dwindling mass of streets and edifices followed

more slowly the veering of the steeples, folded upon itself, and refolded, opened into new shapes and closed again, dwindling always, and always white and beautiful; and as the far-off vision of it held the eye the few masts along the wharves grew thin and went out into invisibility, the spires became as masts, the distant drawbridge through which we had passed sank down into a mere stretching line, and shining Kings Port was dissolved in the blue of water and of air.

The curving and the narrowing of the river took it at last from view; and after it disappeared the spindling chimneys and their smoke, which were along the bank above the town and bridge, leaving us to progress through the solitude of marsh and wood and shore. The green levels of stiff salt grass closed in upon the breadth of water, and we wound among them, looking across their silence to the deeper silence of the woods that bordered them, the brooding woods, the pines and the live-oaks, misty with the motionless hanging moss, and misty also in that Southern air that deepened when it came among their trunks to a caressing, mysterious, purple veil. Every line of this landscape, the straight forest top, the feathery breaks in it of taller trees, the curving marsh—every line and every hue and every sound inscrutably spoke sadness. I heard a mocking-bird once in some blossoming wild fruit tree that we gradually reached and left gradually behind; and more than once I saw other blossoms, and the yellow of the trailing jessamine; but the bird could not sing the silence away, and spring with all her abundance could not hide this spiritual autumn.

Dreams, a land of dreams, where even the high noon itself was dreamy; a melting together of earth and air and water in one eternal gentleness of reverie! Whence came the melancholy of this? I had seen woods as solitary and streams as silent; I had felt Nature breathing upon me a greater awe; but never before such penetrating and quiet sadness. I only know that this is the perpetual mood of those Southern shores, those rivers that wind in from the ocean among their narrowing marshes and their hushed forests, and that it does not come from any memory of human hopes and disasters, but from the elements themselves.

So did we move onward, passing in due time another bridge and a few dwellings and some excavations, until the river grew quite narrow, and there ahead was the landing at Live Oaks, with negroes idly watching for us, and a launch beside the bank, and Charley and Hortense Rieppe about to step into it. Another man stood up in the launch and talked to them where they were on the landing platform, and pointed down the river as we approached; but evidently he did not point at us. I looked hastily to see what he was indicating to them, but I could see nothing save the solitary river winding away between the empty woods and marshes.

So this was Hortense Rieppe! It was not wonderful that she had caused young John to lose his heart, or, at any rate, his head and his senses; nor was it wonderful that Charley, with his little bulging eyes, should take her in his launch whenever she would go: the wonderful thing was that John, at his age and with his nature, should have got over it—if he had got over it! I felt it tingling in me; any man would. Steel wasp, indeed!

So This was Hortense Rieppe!
She was Slender,
and Oh, How Well Dressed!

She was slender, and oh, how well dressed! She watched the passengers get off the boat, and I could not tell you from that first sight of her what her face was like, but only her hair, the sunburnt amber of its masses making one think of Tokay or Château-Yquem. She was watching me, I felt, and then saw; and as soon as I was near she spoke to me without moving, keeping one gloved hand lightly posed upon the railing of the platform, so that her long arm was bent with perfect ease and grace.

Her words dropped with the same calculated deliberation, the same composed and rich indifference. "These gardens are so beautiful."

Such was her first remark, chosen with some purpose, I knew quite well; and I observed that I hoped I was not too late for their full perfection, if too late to visit them in her company.

She turned her head slightly toward Charley. "We have been enjoying them so much."

It was of absorbing interest to feel simultaneously in these brief speeches she vouchsafed—speeches consummate in their inexpressive flatness—the intentional coldness and the latent heat of the creature. Oh, she had encountered many men and women, those who could be of use to her and those who could not; and in dealing with them she had tempered and chiseled her insolence to a perfect instrument, to strike or to shield. And of her greatest gift, also, she was entirely aware—how could she help being, with her evident experience? She knew that round her whole form swam a delicious, invisible sphere, a distillation that her veriest self sent forth, as gardenias do their perfume, moving where she moved and staying where she stayed, and compared with which wine was a feeble vapor for a man to get drunk on.

"Flowers are always so delightful."

That was her third speech, pronounced just like the others, in a low, clear voice—simplicity arrived at by much well-practiced complexity. And she still looked at Charley.

Charley now responded in his little banker accent. "It is a magnificent collection. This he said looking at me, and moving a highly-polished finger-nail along a very slender mustache.

The eyes of Hortense now for a moment glanced at the mixed company of boat-passengers, who were beginning to be led off in pilgrim groups by the appointed guides.

"We were warned it would be too crowded," she remarked.

Charley was looking at her foot. I can't say whether or not the two light taps that the foot now gave upon the floor of the landing brought out for me a certain impatience which I might otherwise have missed in those last words of hers. From Charley it brought out, I feel quite sure, the speech which (in some form) she had been expecting from him as her confederate in this unwelcome and inopportune interview with me, and which his less highly-schooled perceptions had not suggested to him until prompted by her.

"I should have been very glad to include you in our launch party if I had known you were coming here to-day," lied little Charley.

"Thank you so much!" I murmured; and I fancy that after that Hortense hated me worse than ever. Well, why should I play her game? If anybody had any claim upon me, was it she? I would get as much diversion as I could from this encounter.

Hortense had looked at Charley when she spoke for my benefit, and it now pleased me very much to look at him when I spoke for hers.

"I could almost give up the gardens for the sake of returning with you," I said to him.

This was most successful in producing a perceptible silence before Hortense said, "Do come."

I wanted to say to her, "You are quite splendid—as splendid as you look, through and through! *You* wouldn't have run away from any battle of Chattanooga!" But what I did say was, "These flowers here will fade, but may I not hope to see you again in Kings Port?"

She was looking at me with eyes half-closed; half-closed for the sake of insolence—and better observation; when eyes like that take on drowsiness you will be wise to leave all your secrets behind you, locked up in the bank, or else toss them right down on the open table. Well, I tossed mine down, thereto precipitated by a warning from the stranger in the launch:

"We shall need all the tide we can get."

"I'm sure you'd be glad to know," I then said immediately (to Charley, of course), "that Miss La Heu, whose dog you killed, is back at her work as usual this morning."

"Thank you," returned Charley. "If there could be any chance for me to replace——"

"Miss La Heu is her name?" inquired Hortense. "I did not catch it yesterday. She works, you say?"

"At the Woman's Exchange. She bakes cakes for weddings—among her other activities."

"So interesting!" said Hortense; and bowing to me, she allowed the spellbound Charley to help her down into the launch.

His Cosmopolitan Figure Would Have Been Easy to Descry at Any Distance

Each step of the few that she had to take was upon unsteady footing, and each was taken with slow security and grace, and with a mastery of her skirts so complete that they seemed to do it of themselves, falling and folding in the soft, delicate curves of discretion.

For the sake of not seeming too curious about this party, I turned from watching it before the launch had begun to move, and it was immediately hidden from me by the bank, so that I did not see it get away. As I crossed an open space toward the gardens I found myself far behind the other pilgrims, whose wandering bands I could half discern among winding walks and bordering bushes. I was soon taken into somewhat reprimanding charge by an admirable, if important, negro, who sighted me from a door beneath the porch of the house, and advanced upon me speedily. From him I learned at once the rule of the place, that strangers were not allowed to "go loose," as he expressed it; and recognizing the perfect propriety of this restriction, I was humble, and even went so far as to put myself right with him by quite ample purchases of the beautiful flowers that he had for sale; some of these would be excellent for the up-country bride, who certainly ought to have repentance from me in some form for my silence as we had come up the river: the scenery had caused me most ungallantly to forget her.

My rule-breaking turned out all to my advantage. The admirable and important negro was so pacified by my liberal amends that he not only placed the flowers which I had bought in a bucket of water to wait in freshness until my tour of the gardens should be finished and the moment for me to return upon the boat should arrive, but he also honored me with his own special company; and instead of depositing me in one of the groups of other travelers, he took me to see the sights alone, as if I were somebody too distinguished to receive my impressions with the common herd. Thus I was able to linger here and there, and even to return to certain points for another look.

I shall not attempt to describe the azaleas at Live Oaks. You will understand me quite well, I am sure, when I say that I had heard the people at Mrs. Trevise's house talk so much about them, and praise them so superlatively, that I was not prepared for much: my experience of life had already included quite a number of azaleas. Moreover, my meeting with Hortense and Charley had taken me far away from flowers. But when that marvelous place burst upon me I forgot Hortense. I have seen gardens, many gardens, in England, in France, in Italy; I have seen what can be done in great hothouses, and on great terraces; what can be done under a roof, and what can be done in the open air with the aid of architecture and sculpture and ornamental land and water; but no horticulture that I have seen devised by mortal man approaches the unearthly enchantment of the azaleas at Live Oaks. It was not like seeing flowers at all; it was as if there, in the heart of the wild and mystic wood, in the gray gloom of those trees veiled and muffled in their long webs and skeins of hanging moss, a great, magic flame of rose and red and white burned steadily. You looked to see it vanish; you could not imagine such a thing would stay. All idea of individual petals or species was swept away in this glowing maze of splendor, this transparent labyrinth of rose and red and white, through which you looked beyond, into the gray gloom of the hanging moss and the depths of the wild forest trees.

I turned back as often as I could, and to the last I caught glimpses of it, burning, glowing and shining like some miracle; and it was not until I reached the landing, and

(Continued on Page 25

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Ideals are square deals.

¶ Short weights and long prayers do not balance.

¶ Satan finds some mischief still for idle funds to do.

¶ The real Christmas novelty is to get what you want.

¶ Next to doing a big thing is getting some one else to do it.

¶ The average humorist never knows when he is at his wit's end

¶ More mistakes slip through the mouth than through the fingers.

¶ When the political boss fails to succeed he should not try again.

¶ A man who keeps himself in the pink of condition seldom has the blues.

¶ The lady who has no servant troubles can always talk about her neighbors.

¶ Most women can face any fate just so it is not spelled without the final "e."

¶ The man who makes the best of opportunities is apt to get the best of obstacles.

¶ After we read the "yellows," we can always understand why no news is good news.

¶ If those safety razors only had phonographs attached the barber would not be missed.

¶ Clothes don't make the man, they merely break him; especially if they're his wife's clothes.

¶ Anglo-American union now amounts to something more than an exchange of a rich girl for a bankrupt title.

¶ Norway went to the trouble of electing a king when she might have had one of our American bosses for the asking.

¶ A man who wastes his time bragging about his ancestors isn't going to give his descendants much chance to brag of theirs.

Why We Gamble

TRANSACTIONS on the New York Stock Exchange in eleven months of 1905 amounted to 250,000,000 shares of a face value of about twenty billion dollars. As the margin on speculative trades is usually ten per cent., one may make the rough guess that a billion dollars was wagered on the great ticker game during the year. Speculation has been very lively in the cotton market also, and the grain gamble at Chicago has been far from moribund. Eliminating every trade which represented legitimate merchandising and real investment, the Simon pure gamble has involved the betting of how many hundred millions shall we say? Heaven alone knows how many millions more have been wagered in the hundreds of bucketshops scattered over the land, of whose transactions there is no record. In spite of all disclosures and warnings, the poor-relation get-rich-quick schemes still flourish by the score.

Why do we persist in gambling on this enormous scale after we have found out that we lose about nine times out of ten?

One reason—perhaps the chief reason—is that, as a people, we are very rich, yet can find no attractive and legitimate use for our money. Leaving out all millionaires and bloated corporations, the plain every-day people must have even now at least five or six billion dollars lying in the banks on which they draw an average of not over three per cent. a year interest. The savings-deposits in New York alone exceed a billion. Savings-deposits in Chicago have increased fivefold since the panic. The ordinary little capitalist can put his money in a bank or buy a safe bond that will net him three and a half or four per cent. In only rarely exceptional cases, in this day of consolidation and nationalized industries, can he put his money at work in such a way that his own intelligence and energy will operate upon it and make it fruitful. He must simply dump it into some huge pot and take such return as the gentlemen who operate the pot will give him. The small capitalist is continually beaten down with his own weapon. His savings go to swell the hoard which makes it possible for the big industries to borrow all they want at low rates. The bigger the hoard, the more cheaply they can borrow. Hence the more the man saves the less interest he receives. This rather discourages him, so he buys stocks on margin, or invests in a Syndicate—and loses what he had.

The Man Who Keeps His Job

AS ONE of the evidences that Germany is better off from a military standpoint than France, it is pointed out that, although Germany has had only eight different war ministers in the last thirty-five years, France has had no less than thirty-three. But does this prove anything? May it not, on the contrary, be evidence that France is better off than Germany?

It doesn't always follow—indeed, it doesn't often follow—in institutions of any kind that permanence in office means better service—that is, permanence in the executive and administrative office. The executive may have been a poor excuse at the start; and so, the longer he stays, the worse the ravages of the dry rot. If he was good at the start, he may have been human enough to succumb to the enervating, blighting effect of the steady job.

The man who has to fight every day to keep his job is the one who keeps in the best mental and physical health and produces the best results—provided he feels that only his own shortcomings can cost him his job.

The Lesson of Exposure

THE public appetite for "exposures," far from decreasing, seems to be gaining by what it feeds on. The people who are being exposed—and their friends and sympathetic writers—deny this; they have all the signs against them.

There's a good reason for it. These "exposures" are a tremendous public education not merely, or even chiefly, in corruption, its methods and men, but in the mechanism of modern society—that vast, new-created machine for which we are all workers and about which it is important, vital, that we should all inform ourselves. The few "experts" have made incredible fortunes by learning its workings. If they are to be replaced by millions of people, each man and family getting his or its proper share, everybody must learn how the wheels go round.

The "exposures" are teaching the people how to make and to save money. Who gets tired of going to a school where those exceedingly useful things are taught?

Never Mind the Cost

AS TO whether the Panama Canal should be sea-level or lock, the engineers are the doctors. The only question is which type will handle the traffic best, and if the Government cannot discover engineering talent which can answer that question correctly there is something wrong with its powers of selection. The matter of relative cost, however, is well within the reach of lay intelligence, and one can hardly avoid suspecting some disingenuousness in those who argue that one type is preferable to the other because it is cheaper. What is wanted is the best canal; the one that will most facilitate traffic. That that canal may cost one or two hundred millions more is of no consequence.

And this is simply good, sound business policy, approved by the best business experience and intelligence in the country. The railroads spend millions upon millions every year in reducing grades, straightening curves and like work which lowers operating expenses—that is, facilitates traffic. The Union Pacific built an enormously expensive cut-off through Salt Lake because it believed that the saving in operating expenses would more than pay interest on the cost of the improvement. There is the whole problem nowadays. The vast terminal plan of the Pennsylvania road, involving tunneling from the Jersey shore to Long Island, looks staggering if one considers the cost. But the improved traffic facilities will pay interest on the investment. A street railroad spends a hundred thousand dollars in establishing a pleasure resort because the increased travel will more than cover the interest on that sum.

United States two per cent. bonds sell at a premium. If, as the Secretary of the Treasury proposes, the Canal bonds are made as advantageous for bank circulation as the two per cents., the Government can borrow all the money it needs at two or two and a half per cent. Thus an additional hundred million dollars in the cost means simply two or two and a half million dollars a year in interest charges. That is nothing. We throw away, at Washington, a Panama Canal or so every year. The waste in a single department would pay interest on all the possible difference in cost between a sea-level and a lock waterway

What the Railroads Ache For

EVIDENTLY many people have conceived the notion that a considerable intrinsic importance necessarily attaches to what Congress does this winter in regard to regulation of railway rates. This is a capital mistake. What Congress does is not necessarily of the slightest importance to anybody except the public printer. It should be borne in mind that vesting a body with power to substitute a reasonable for an unreasonable published rate does not touch the greatest evil in our railway service. The greatest evil is the discriminatory rate which robs many for the benefit of a few. Long ago Congress passed a law strictly prohibiting discrimination in freight rates, thereby—on the statute books—curing this great evil. But it hasn't been cured anywhere else. If the new law that Congress passes is enforced as the Interstate Commerce Act has been enforced, the wording of that law is a matter of merely academic interest. The public printer will know whether it authorizes the fixing of a maximum or a flat rate; but the shipper will not. A mild law enforced is infinitely better than a drastic one that is a dead letter.

Let us have a few gentle words on the statute book and a very large knotty stick behind them, rather than a voluminous roar and a sword of lath. There is still a good deal of swindling in this railway rate business; and people are sick of being swindled under their own noses. It isn't so much one law rather than another as a club of deterrent proportions that they are aching for.

What War Feeds On

DURING the Nineteenth Century upward of 14,000,000 men lost their lives in war. Most of these millions were of the Aryan race, which has the custody of the forward-march of the human race. Most of them were young men, in fine physical condition, men of above the average of spirit and energy—for war takes only the best. It wants no diseased, or old, or useless victims for the banquet. Most of those wars were not for liberty or for principle, but for purposes of ambition—the two Napoleons, Bismarck, the old German Emperor, the Czars, the Kings of England, Pitt, Disraeli, a handful of men who figure in history as great.

Ambition is a cannibal.

Where Shall We Draw the Line?

ALMOST everybody thinks that the suffrage ought to be limited. But the argument ends the instant it is asked: Who shall be excluded? And there is no hope of a getting together. Why? Because the real truth is that the right to vote is much like the right to live. There are many people who, in the opinion of some or everybody, are not fit to live; but who is going to take it upon himself to deny them the right to live, since they are here on earth and as much a part of it as anybody else? Who is able to decide whether a man is using his life properly or not? Who is able to say that a man is not using his life properly?

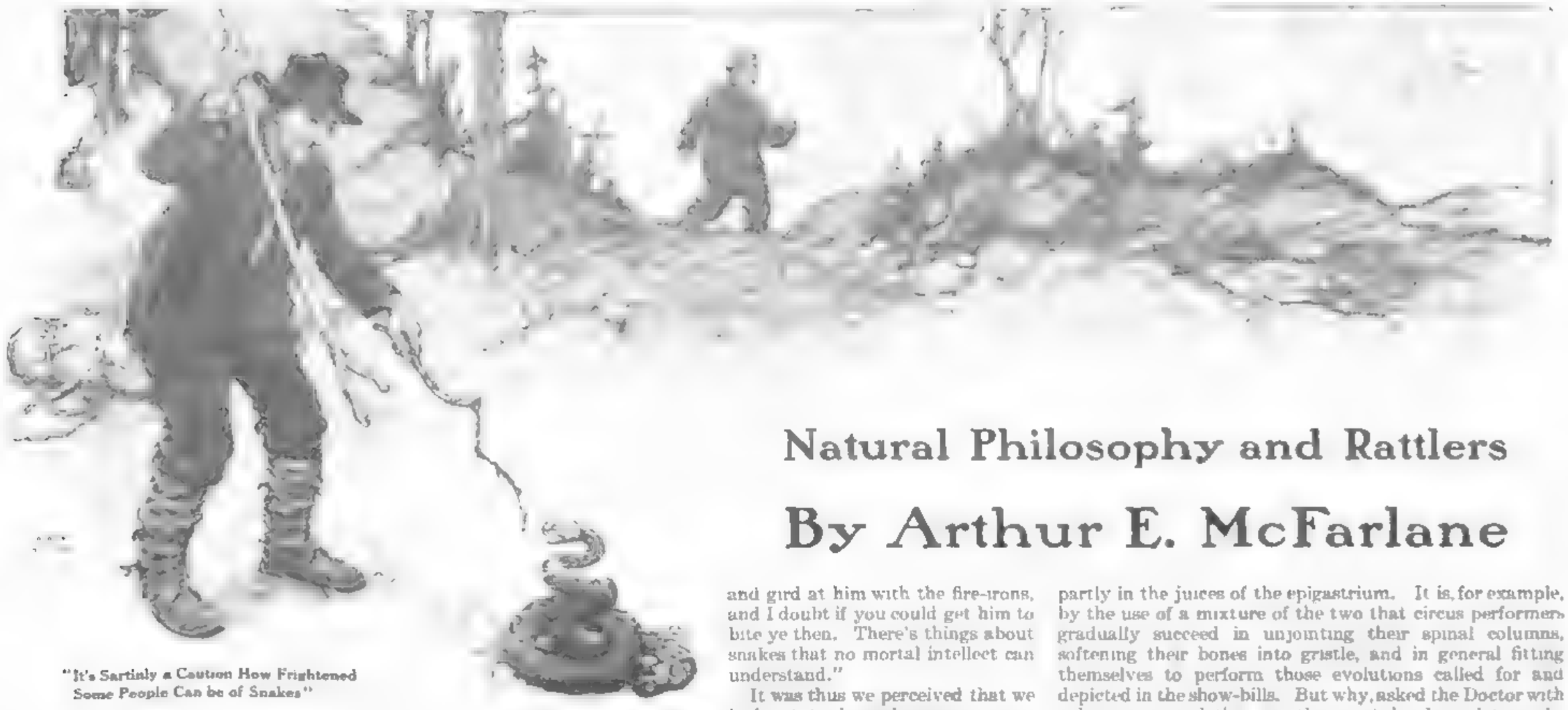
Most people think the "ignorant" ought to be excluded from the suffrage. But "ignorant," like "educated," is one of those large, vague words that have to be explained before they mean anything. The average human animal is pretty shrewd, shrewder than his neighbors think, if less shrewd than he himself thinks. We greatly overestimate the ignorance of the ignorant—and also the education of the educated.

Back to the Yoke

THE other day an elephant, attached to a traveling show, got away, rushed through the streets of a town, trumpeting, burst in the glass front of a saloon and penetrated to the billiard-room, scattering several hundred men in wild alarm. There its keeper caught up with it and handed it a lump of sugar. It ate the sugar, became calm at once and returned quietly with him.

How like some elections, when the people go on a rampage for freedom, get a lump of sugar from the boss, forget all about their longing to be free, and return docilely to the yoke!

THE SNAKE HUNTERS



"It's Sartinly a Caution How Frightened Some People Can be of Snakes"

Natural Philosophy and Rattlers

By Arthur E. McFarlane

BY THAT time the chill February afterglow was gone, and we had completely lost our bearings. We believed we were still in North Carolina, but we could no longer recognize either Baldy Top or old Balsam. In the cove below us was the faint yellow nimbus of a human habitation. But the most we hoped for was lodging for the night with some solitary shoat-herd, or sheep-tender, or "timber-looker." And lo, as if by that magic ascribed to the object of our quest by every shuddering darky for a dozen leagues around, it was that very Doctor Job, snake-oil wizard, who greeted us on the threshold! Nay more: with him were Uncle Zeb McCorkery from Tennessee, and Captain Jimmy Haskins from the Georgia side, both "rattler men" with reputations almost as far-extending as that of Job himself.

The last bore a remarkable family resemblance to his namesake of the illustrated Scriptures. His head was round and reverendly bald; his beard was long and white and pointed. Uncle Zeb might have been his younger brother, with chin and jaws reaped to a grizzly stubble. Captain Jimmy was clean-shaven, with knobs on his cheek-bones like crab-apples. The Doctor wore a suit of highly-polished, long-tailed blacks, with a shirt to which a stiff collar might have been attached. But the garb of the other two was of homespun gray, with an undergarment of that mingled dark red and black which is the only genuine, old, original "hickory."

Even had the occupant of the cabin been for the moment absent, we could not have been mistaken in it. On a shelf along the right wall stood a double row of "sealers," containing perhaps forty quarts of canned diamond-back in all. A particularly big one, to which the Doctor's own taxidermy had given a double fearfulness, coiled itself on the end of the chimney ledge. Above it, stuck in ascending series upon a large square of cardboard, were at least three dozen assorted fangs; while in the nearest corner stood a sheaf of those tapering pine rods upon which the green hides of the reptiles are stretched to make them hold their size. In the rear there were dark recesses which might contain anything whatever; and the desire for meat and drink and bed began to go out of us.

Apparently the Doctor noted that. "Now, you needn't have no fears, gentlemen," he said earnestly; "and moreover, I'll tell you why you needn't. On to every creature, both human and animal, there has been laid a curse; and on to the snake" (we were soon to learn that "snake" always meant "rattlesnake") "has been laid the curse of cold. They're the last of all to get it out of them in the spring. And even if I was givin' any live ones house-room now, which is not the case, it'd be another six weeks before they'd be ready to respond again."

"You are awar'," supported Uncle Zeb, "that all heat comes from the sun? Well, a snake's got to get his direct, or he won't rully try to limber himself up at all."

"That's true and undoubted," asseverated Captain Jimmy. "You-all could lay a snake along that fender-stun and gird at him with the fire-irons, and I doubt if you could get him to bite ye then. There's things about snakes that no mortal intellect can understand."

It was thus we perceived that we had not to do with common men but with philosophers, and our evening was to be one of high profit and edification.

While the Doctor "frizzled" his ham, and shoveled the last hot ashes over his corn bread, his companions imparted to us some of the more outward knowledge of their craft. Snakes are still taken in the ancient way. The hunter swathes his legs in corn-husk roping, and carries no impedimenta save a knife, a basket-like bag, and a six-foot forked stick. One of these latter stood in the corner. Its handle was slightly curved, like that of an old-fashioned wooden rake. The crotch might have served for a boy's catapult, only it was somewhat more spraddled.

First, the stick is used to enrage the reptile, and when it can no longer contain itself and leaps, the prongs descend upon its neck with the certainty of an astronomical eclipse. But a rattlesnake does not really jump. He uses his tail-coils as a spiral spring with which to launch forward one-half or two-thirds of the anterior part of him; he never leaves the ground, and he rarely succeeds in measuring his own length. As for the hunter, he does not merely estimate the snake's striking radius; he also gives him his "line." And once the beast is pinned down, there comes into play either the basket or the knife, just as the snake is to be "used" or kept alive.

Uncle Zeb and the Captain alike confessed that they could use the cheek-piece of a heavy shotgun almost as handily as a "snake-stick," which is surely something that should confer upon them the honors of the expert. Yet that snake hunters are of almost no honor at all among the hunting tribe was plain from the language of both of them. "This might be," as Uncle Zeb said a little wistfully, "by reason that although snakes are game in a manner of speakin', they're a game that no man wants to eat." But we conceived it was due to an immemorial martial prejudice, even as in Roman days the *retiarii*, or gladiators, who fought with the net and trident, had but poor esteem when compared with those combatants who used the *gladius* of the legionaries.

We were to learn, too, that the profession is one which is sadly, but undeniably, upon its ebb-tide. The increase of zoological gardens and museums of natural history has done some little toward arresting this, but the crotalus, as a quotable commodity, has had its halcyon days. And this is owing to the fact—which Doctor Job made plain to us as we gathered to the fireplace after supper—that the specious and superficial medical theories of these modern times have cut ruinously in upon the demand for snake-oil.

The Doctor occupied ground much too lofty to let him dwell upon his remedy. That it was the one sovereign specific for rheumatism, gout, swollen bones and palsy had long been universal knowledge. But he desired to open the door to a vastly broader principle. If on to every creature there had been laid a curse, unto every creature, too, there had been given some power peculiar to that creature alone. In the rattlesnake this was limberness. And the seat of this limberness was partly in the oil and partly in the juices of the epigastrium. It is, for example, by the use of a mixture of the two that circus performers gradually succeed in unjointing their spinal columns, softening their bones into gristle, and in general fitting themselves to perform those evolutions called for and depicted in the show-bills. But why, asked the Doctor with vehemence—and this was the point he desired to make against homeopaths and allopaths and the whole leagued-together crowd of them—why should they seek to have the matter stop there? Why try, in fact, to *hide* this first step from the general knowledge of the world? Did not logic obviously call upon medicine to go not merely to the rattlesnake, but to every species and genus of creature for its peculiar power? Why not, in the horse, get at the seat of his hauling strength, in the deer of his speed, in the turtle of his longevity?

It was reasoning which, it might be seen, had not now for the first time impressed Uncle Zeb and his fellow. And, as the latter owned, there was one point in it to which he had never been able to reconcile himself. Flatly, he doubted if any amount of giraffe juice would enable a man to grow an eight-foot neck; and supposing it could, except for horse-races and such-like, what good would it be to you when you had it? Plainly, there are limits at which the medicine of the future must see the wisdom of halting.

The Doctor had probably confuted this objection before. At any rate, with a certain dignity he declined to reply to it now. After a short silence he took the discourse back to snakes, from which, indeed, we hardly strayed again that night. "And there's another power they've got," he said, "that man oughtn't to rest till he gets out of them and adds to his own faculties. And that's bein' able to sense a thing with the tongue without touchin' it."

"Now there I'm with you-all," said Captain Jimmy "There's no arguin' against that. You watch any sarpint

"But, of Course, in a Manner of Speakin', I wasn't in Any *Danger*"

at all, and you-all'll see that, when he's tryin' to find out the natur' of anything, he don't need to flicker right *again'* it. An inch or two off does him jest as well or better."

Here was a second marvel, and one, too, which might not be entirely in the same category as snake-oil. For a faculty possessed by many of the totally blind – that of being able to distinguish the proximity of walls and hoardings—has already found its paragraph in some of the psychologies.

"Not that a snake can tell all about a thing that-a-way, though," added Captain Jimmy, "any more than you-all can tell all about a thing by lookin' at it. Many's the time I've watched one tonguin' a frog or a mud puppy. And after ten minutes or so I could see him sayin' to hisse f 'Well, the shape's surtinly all right; but how do I know it ain't some crockery or iron crittur that somebody's come an' laid out here jest for to fool me up an' break my tushes?' So he never makes his drive till that crittur moves. No, sir, he won't. A massasaug's a tarrible calculatin' beast. But when that crittur does twitch a muscle, or flutter an eyelid ——!"

"Yes, 'y gee!" said Uncle Zeb. "That's *all* he wants! I mind one blazin' hot mornin' goin' to sleep over by Wolf Dens. And when I woke up, the sound I made turnin' over woke up a snake that you might say had been occupyin' the next bunk to mine. And now my eyes were gogglin' straight into that ugly muzzle of his, and the leetle slit he smokes his cheroot out of. Well, a bite in the face makes a fearful nasty one, because you can't suck it, and the veins lay so close to the surface that the pizen has a chance to pump right into them. But, of course, in a manner of speakin', I wasn't in any *danger*—not so long as I kep' still.

"And now I had a chance to, for the varmint had begun his tonguin' me. He started about my eyes, and then went down my nose and cheek to my lips, and then around my mouth to my chin—never hurryin', you understand. An' I laid there and got the full muck-and-musty smell of him. I had lots of time to think about it and hold internal conversations. 'You jest blink, now,' I'd say to myself, 'and you'll never want to blink no more! You wet your lips, and see how quick they'll be sewed up for ye!' I was holdin' still all right. 'But old Coffin-head,' I thought, 'if that leetle devil's pitchfork of yours *tetches* me I've got to wence. Nothin' else *for* it.' But it never did tetch me. He started up my face again, and when he got to my lips he come to an unsartin' sort of halt, leveled at me for three whiles longer, and then backed 'round and slid off down the rock as if I'd witched him. Jest why he acted that way's been pezzlin' me ever sence."

"It was your breath," said the Georgia Captain with entire inoffensiveness. "No snake that moves can stand the smell of licker and tobacky. Look at the exparience my grandad Bixby had, the same that was with Dan'l Boone. One time he went to sleep after storin' an almighty big cargo even for them times. And when *he* woke it was a puffin' adder that was a-squarin' at him. Ordinarily grandad would 'a' been fearful scurred, for he was no man for snakes at all; he'd been worried a lot too much that-a-way. But, bein' full of Dutch bitters, it only got his dander up to be wakened like that before dewfall. And—as I've many times heerd him tell the story, holdin' me by his knee—he resolved in his mind to fix that snake, or bust his bellers failin' it. The thing had blowed once already, and he could feel its deadly influo'nce mortial strong on him. But he gethered hisse'f together and in his turn blowed like Gabriel.

"And the effects were appurent at once. The crittur blinked, and blinked again. But even so, his eyes misted over like window-panes. It was survigrous, though, that pulfin' adder. It took hold of itse'f and blowed a second time.

"Grandad could feel it come over him like the shudderin' ague. But he prays a minute, fills hisse'f full to the ears, and lets her go again.

"This time the crittur's mouth wabbled open like there was no air left for it to breathe on yurth. But it was game right through, and tried once more.

"It didn't do no use. And grandad said, now that the fight was decided, he begun to feel sorry for it hisse'f. But it had challenged him, so he jest blowed as easy as he could, and then put it out of its misery with his gun-butt. Man has been given power over every dumb beast, I reckon, if on'y he can find out how to use it."

There ensued another pause of some considerable length, as if to give the subject time to return from regions that were possibly apocryphal.

"And, in a manner of speakin', tobacker's stronger again than licker," resumed Uncle Zeb, thumbing a palmful of the twisted weed into his three-inch corncob. "The 'arly settlers out from Kaintucky, when they'd get into a bad snake country they'd stretch a line of tobacker leaves around where they laid at nights, and nothin' would cross it. The Injun snake dancers pound it in a mortar, too, and rub theirselves with it, though they'll deny it on the Bible. And I'll bet money you'll find that them nigger *charmers* in Eastern countries manœuvre it that way, too. I saw a pair of them once in a show at Nashville, and for all I couldn't rully get near enough to sniff them, I got the smell of some kind of leaf that was never dried in Americky. You could see their snakes all the time turnin' their heads away from them, and that was good enough evidence for me."

This was new light, and a simplified point of view indeed. It seemed a good time to make question as to that power of "charming" which has for so long been accredited to the serpent itself.

"I know what you mean," said Uncle Zeb; "I've seen a *lot* of that kind of charmin', and I'll tell you jest how I sized it up. Did you ever get ketched on one of those nasty drop-away ledges on the steep side of Baldy? And did you ever begin to feel, of a sudden, that the very fear of goin' over so weakened and queasied you that over you were mighty like to go? But you wouldn't say that you were bein' charmed. It was all in yourself—no magic about it at all. So it is with a bird and a snake. The little feller hears the rattle sing, and if he's young he'll mebbe take it for a cicada and go right to it. If he's old he knows the differ; and he stands there, and his shudderin' little heart won't work, and he can't move his wings, and his claws lose their grip, and down he drops to a lower branch. He can't keep his balance on that, either, and pretty soon he's down on the ground, and it's all day with him then. But he doesn't go *to* the snake. No man ever saw that."

"At First I Had Fears Lest He might be Runnin' Some Reak"

With this Captain Jimmy also agreed. But he was still drawn back to the more attractive subject-matter of liquor and tobacco. "And it's snakes hatin' them so that makes them such powerful strong remedies for their pizen," he explained. "I recollect well the first time that I was struck, and that by a thunderin' big snake, too. But I jest swallered down a quart and a half of corn and two pounds of chewin', and in a little while I couldn't have told you-all that I'd been bit!"

The others did not dispute the cure. "But it ain't the size of the snake that makes the differ so much as the time he's fasted. A snake as it comes out in the spring is worse than three that have jest had a feedin'. And the pizen in the young that have never fed at all, and are only sizable to bait a hook with, is meaner than that in their parents."

"Only they haven't got the quantity, o' course," qualified the Doctor.

"No, they hain't," said Uncle Zeb, "and I'm entirely glad they hain't, too. If they had there'd be one good man less above ground at the present moment. Three year' ago come June I had out with me a college feller, a professor, and it was a pleasure to be with him all the time. He was a weazened leetle sawed-off, wearin' butterfly eyeglasses, and so short-sighted behind them that to see a snake right he'd pretty near have to rub noses with it. But that didn't worry the lad a bit. He had a big photograph machine with him, and he wanted pictures of rattlers jest as they live. He wanted to photograph them jumpin', too, and he never done any jumpin' himself when he pressed that leetle red rubber ball of his.

"Well, all that was only the beginnin'. One day over by Kettle Mountain we come on a whole nest of teeny ones. I figured they weren't three days old, and he calculated the same way. They seemed to be one of the things he was partic'larly out for, too; for he jest walked round them like a boy round a hummin'-bird's nest. He put them in a biscuit tin covered with skittah nettin', and he would hardly eat his supper. In fact, he passed the remark that he'd be the better for not eatin', anyway, for he wanted to perform a small experiment.

"And, about an hour later, I found out what that experiment was. He got his notebook out, hooked one of them kickin' leetle varmints from the clump, and made it lay hold of the end of his left p'inter-finger!

"Lord save you, that was where I sat down paralyzed!

"But he only drapped it back into the box, examined his finger with his microscope, gives a little '*hm !*' and began a-writin'.

"I couldn't say anything. 'But,' thinks I, 'when you move from that log, I reckon I gets your gun and knife!'

"But he drove straight ahead with his feed pen, and between times smiled out broader'n a sunflower.

"'What might you be a-puttin' down?' I asked after a while, as if I'd jest observed him.

"'I'm puttin' down the fact, Uncle,' says he, 'that eedemy has set in.' Now what might eedemy be? I've been wonderin' about that a heap sight."

To our shame, in the chosen age of medicine, we could not tell him.

"Or 'destruction of the pillary walls, with consequent extravagation?' I can remember them words like a verse of voodoo!"

We were able to make some sort of shot at that.

"Well, that's what he said was takin' place next. And after that he was tickled to death to feel that a kind of electric-like vibration was takin' place between his wrist and shoulder. And then he said, since things were getting truly interestin', he'd ask me to leave him alone for a time.

"'I'll leave you alone after I've poured both flasks and the squar' bottle into you!' I says.

"'Toot toot!' he waved me off. 'I'm makin' an experiment. I'm sorry to have to treble you by makin' it here and now. But that brood will be too old to fool with when we get back to town.'

"'How much pizen do you reckon you got into you now?' I asked.

"'I can very easily show you,' he says, and he freed another squirmin' leetle fingerlin' of Satan. Then he slipped the glass out of his watch, and made him bite on the hollow side of it like a baby on a rubber ring! The thing spat out mebbe as much as a good big bumble-bee will carry in his honey-sack; it was about the same color, too. 'Enough to make me lovely and sick,' says the leetle professor, 'but I scarsly think enough to give us any serious apprehension! While you're up, will you jest hold my hand for a minute while I draw off a few drops of blood for future reference? You might look into my left eye, too, and see if the pupil has got any larger!'

"I stayed up, saw him safely through the night, durin' which he was just sick enough, to say nothin' of bein' kinked into a buckle with the pain of it. And then in the mornin' I asked him, as man to man, what he was goin' to get out of it. Well, think what ye like, but he wasn't goin' to get anything out of it! Nary college nor show nor museum was goin' to pay him one Old Colony copper. He was doin' it, as he said, 'jest to get to know!'"

Captain Jimmy laid his finger athwart his occiput.

"No, siree, now! No, he wan't any crazy, either! He was as sensible a man as you or I be—knowed as much, too. And I can prove it to ye. He'd l'arned that by havin' a

steady supply of them leetle fellers, and lettin' one nip him every six weeks or so, by the end of the year snake bites wouldn't be much more to him than black hornet stings!"

"Now, jest think of his gettin' hold of that on'y from the readin' of books!" murmured the snake authority from Georgia; "knowledge that you'd swar' was knowed on'y by us fellers and Injuns! I tell ye, Doc, while I'm with you-all on the tarrible amount of science that's bein' cast aside and lost in this generation, if the colleges keep on like that they may do a heap toward ketchin' up on it—they may do a heap!"

The old gentleman did not reply. He began with some petulance to haul forth the blankets for the night.

"Yes," continued Captain Jimmy, not heeding him, "that professor chap was sure a man. I wished I'd had him with me one August instid of a tourist sawney, Chesman by name, from up North somewhars, that got hooked on to me. I never wanted to take him out, because I'd promised nigh on to a cartload of snakes ahead, and it'd take me all my time to get them, too. I'd been offered one-twenty-five a foot for big ones, and extry at that if they'd go beyond ten bone-clappers. But Sheriff Watson, he was a cousin of this feller's, and he said he was writin' a book on Natur', and this would be a grand opportunity for him, and he wouldn't be denied.

"Well, as he was an expert on Natur', I took it for granted that I couldn't tell him anything about snakes, and I didn't try. But before we go on to what followed, you-all jest look here a minute." He took down the sample card of fangs. "You-all can see that a snake's tushes are like the darky's sewin'-needle—sharp at the end, but the sharpness don't go all the way up. They soon thicken out. Only a mighty hard shove will put the p'int through felt or rubber or cowhide, or even a double thickness of good moleskin. And a snake can't bite any deeper after he takes hold. He doesn't really bite at all. He strikes his tushes in like you'd strike a hook into a bale of cotton. And his jaws are too soft to put on any after-pressure.

"Now, again, look at the pizen-holes. They're not at the end of the tush; they're a third of the way up, like the eye in a bobbin'. And the bigger the snake the furder that hole will be from the p'int, till in these here old sockdolagers you can see that anything tough at all would spoil their chance complete. The p'int would get through, but the hole, bein' so far back, would be plugged. And any man of intellects could reason that out by logic, even if he *hadn't* been showed.

"Well, I didn't have a mite of luck over Hangin' Rock way, or up by the Dens, or down in Wild Man's, or Eagle. A week went by, and nothin' to show for it but guidin'-pay—and that one-twenty-five a foot held out to me. I was gettin' *desprit* an' discouraged. That Chesman feller could see well that I was, too. And finall' I come down from the hills and struck into Old Cherokee swamp.

"Well, not half an hour after we'd entered it, '————' and then, '*z-z-z-z-z-z!*' again. We were in sight of twelve or thirteen dollars' worth of snake right thar! One was challengin' in front of me, and the other had Chesman by the leg below the knee.

"At first I had fears lest he might be runnin' some resk. But then, when I took in the size of that snake of his and remembered the thickness of his leather leggin's, my mind could rest easy again. I made one pass for *my* old Massasaug, but missed, and had to measure up for another. My, but he was a fine snake, too! But not so big as Chesman's—and then—Heavens and yurth!—the yell that came out of that feller! The fact was, the useless thing had been scurred dumb till then! All his pipes had froze plum solid with tarrer!

"'It's all right, pardner!' I shouted, to set him quiet again. 'It's all right! Don't you-all get afrighted now! Keep him chawin' on you for another half minute, and we'll land the two of 'em!' To tell ye the truth, too, I'd hardly hoped to see the beast hang on to him as long as it *did*. I'd reckoned on losin' that one, anyways.

"Well, that Chesman had his chance to help me, and do you-all reckon he come up to it? I'll tell ye what he did. When he couldn't short-grip his gun enough to shoot that snake's head off, he started smashin' at it with the bar'l—seven dollars' worth of snake if it was worth anything at all! And —'Oh, my Lord!' he kept screechin', 'and me with my insurance not paid up! Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! I can feel his teeth right through me!'

"'It's only the p'ints of them ye feel!' I shouted. 'Take my word for it, he ain't hurtin' ye at all!'

Take my word for it? He didn't even lessen to me! He jest jumped up an' down thar, *an'* hollered, *an'* roared, *an'* bellered, *an'* yelled, an' got me so narvous and fidgeted that before I was through with it both them snakes were agoner! His I had to blow in two; for even after I'd come to him he wouldn't wait till I had my bag ready! And as soon as he was free again he gulped down every drap of drink we had in camp at that! 'My *Hucky!*' I says to myself, 'but those snakes are goin' to be added on to your reckonin', and you-all don't stay out with me no longer, not for any money at all.' But even so, I've never honestly felt that I've cotched up on that thirteen dollars yet!"

The Doctor had finished spreading out the blankets. Yet Uncle Zeb plainly had within him one more recollection that must come out.

"It's a caution," he said. "It's sartinly a caution, how frightened some people can be of snakes. I mind, too, an experience I had, y'ars ago, with another tourist chap. I wasn't doin' much in snakes that summer. I was getherin' plants for a man that was makin' a yarb collection. And he got the notion that if this feller, his brother-in-law—Cornelius Van Kamp his name was—went along with me the walkin' would be powerful good for his health. He was fattin' out and runnin' to liver, but mostly it was jest good old nateral laziness, although Mis' Van Kamp—she talked to me, too—couldn't see it. She said there was fat accumulatin' around his heart, and if I could jest get him to take exercise enough to reduce it, she'd be thankful to me all her life. She was a well-deservin' sort, and I liked her.

"But I couldn't like her man. He held to bringin' supplies enough for a march to the sea, and then he let me do all the packin'. Of course, as I was takin' a wage to 'company him, I couldn't say anything. But if I had to pack a hundred and fifty pounds of tent and blankets and bread and pork and sugar and coffee, I wanted to do the hoofin' in them parts of the day best suited to it, which was 'arly in the mornin', and from four o'clock on in the afternoon. But would he meet me on that, either? No, sir; he wouldn't get up in the mornin', and what he partic'larly held fast to was his nap between three and five. He was always talkin' about what he'd et and whether or not it had agreed with him. In fact, I wasn't long in findin' out that Mr. Cornelius Van Kamp's whole life and activities turned round his stomach like the hands of a clock turn round what's behind the dial. He took that afternoon sleep because it assisted digestion. And with him, to interfere with his digestive processes would have been about the same as interferin' with the solar system. Nothin' I could do could get him to look at my side of it at all.

"Well, one day we were workin' down the lower Ridge, when '*z-z-z-zz*' came the warnin' from a ledge jest to the right of us.

"'Odd place for a cicada,' he remarks.

"'*Cicada*, is it?' I rousted out four feet of rattler, and he walked clever an' good for the rest of that afternoon.

"For all the pack weight, I walked clever, too; and I thought nigh as fast as I walked. Next day we camped near some locust bresh where there *were* cicadas a-plenty. I caught three or four, waited my chance, and when he settled down for his digestion nap I gummed one on to the tree.

"It was a leetle slow gettin' wammed up, but when it did it done its work all right. Cornelius didn't halt to wait for me till he got to the head of the cove, and he had no thought of stoppin' *finall'* till the whole landscape looked different. Also, he'd drapped mebbe two pounds and a half since the mornin' before.

"I was tuckered out myself and gave him a day's rest. But the day after I wanted him to rise 'arly, and 'arly he

THE LOST BOY

BY J. W. FOLEY

Little Boy Careless has strewn his blocks
From end to end of the nursery;
He has broken the top of the gaudy box
That held sliced animals—My, Ah Me!
His wooden soldiers are seamed and scarred
From battle with him, and his jumping-jack
Is lodged half-way from a blow too hard,
Nor all of my coaxing will get him back.

Little Boy Careless has split his drum
And bent the tube of his screeching fife
Till all of his martial airs are dumb,
And the doll that squeaked has lost her life
From a mallet blow on her waxen head,
And none of her sister dolls knows or cares
How the sawdust in her is strewn and spread
From the bedroom door to the hall downstairs.

Little Boy Careless has gone away
And Big Boy Hopeful has come to me,
The toys that were scattered on yesterday
Are stored up there in the nursery.
The broken drum and the jumping-jack,
The waxen doll in her crib alone,
Nor Little Boy Careless will e'er come back
To scatter the toys by his years outgrown.

And ah, but the heart of me aches and cries
For the Little Boy Careless to come and play,
The light of the dawn in his big, brown eyes,
With the toys that are gathered and laid away.
The Big Boy Hopeful will come to pine
For the world out there and will yearn to go,
But the Little Boy Careless was mine, all mine,
And that is the reason I loved him so!

riz! His sleep in the afternoon didn't last long either. 'My goodness gracious me!' he says, 'I had no idee this whole range was snake country!' 'It ain't,' I answered him. 'We don't have to go through six bad stretches the whole way down.' And the mornin' followin' we happened into one of them. We were forty miles from fence or cabin, the weather was fair, it was a good plant deestrict, and so right thar I lost my way. Couldn't get out nohow!

"And I'll confess that that was jest as *bad* a snake country as ever I've heerd tell of. Ye might say durin' that week Van Kamp *sweat* fleah. And, o' course, nothin' could have been better for him. At first, I'll own, I'd meant it rather malicious-like. I had two cicadas that rully seemed to hunch right up to it. I kept them in pack thread, and one of 'em I could tetch off even before dawn. The other made itself active as Cornelius' breakfast-call. Only after he'd got it he never wanted any breakfast. There were some genuine snakes tharabouts, too, and whenever I could get hold of one it rested my conscience to show it to him for evidence. But you might say he loathed and hated to see them. His one idee was to keep a-travelin', walkin' in circles though we were.

"Well, after four days I couldn't hold my anger again' him any more. And I acted thenceforward semply for his own good. I tell ye, Doc, I'd found a better medicine even than any you could fix up. He never took his clothes off now, and he got so he could do his sleepin' leanin' again' a tree. You couldn't get him to give more'n fifteen minutes to a meal, and oftenest he preferred to take a couple of corn-dodgers in his hands and eat them movin'. When about three in the mornin' I'd loose off the 'larm clock, he'd jest come up standin' with a groanin' sound, and hit the trail again for fifteen mile. I reckon even some of his meanness went out of him. Anyways, when I told him I couldn't pack what remained of the provender and keep up with him, he took his half of it with eagerness.

"And what was the final result? Well, ten days later, when we walked out of the balsams plum in sight of Bryson, I'll swar there was no fat left on him *anywhars*! Except for the clumps of muscle on his calves, he could have put both legs into one pant. He'd lost all that nasty sort of heaviness and thickness of the sight and hearin', too, that goes with fat around the heart. Let a blade of grass restle, or two beetles lock horns, and he'd know it. He was sharper set that-a-way than a runnin' horse. And, as he told me himself, he didn't thank he'd ever want to sleep more'n four hours at a lay, or set still to eat three courses to a meal again. Yet, when the postmaster at Bryson said somethin' to him about me that told him a lot more'n he need to know, the least he wanted to do was to cut my heart out. He leaned over the rail of the last car and laid curses on to me that any mountain feller'd be plum scurred to [illegible] And him goin' home a cured-up man!"

"Nary a doubt of it!" said Doctor Job enthusiastically. "Nary a doubt of it at all! And without your havin' the actial knowledge to know it, Zeb, you'd happened on to one of the great underlyin' principles of medicine. If you look into it in a scientific way, you find all trebles an' diseases di-[illegible]din' themselves into them that call for rest an' quiet and them that call for a proper an' reasonable amount of agitation. Now that thar Van Kamp feller ——"

But from the other side of the fire came a long, heavily-drawn and all-convincing snore. Captain Jimmy's bodily condition called palpably for rest. And within another half-hour we had each of us become a gray-cocoon, blinking into the flush and glow of the back-log.

ODDITIES & NOVELTIES
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

THE RATS OF OLD—MAN SOUGHT THEM AND ATE THEM, BUT THE AGES CHANGED THEM NOT AT ALL.

IN EXPLORING a cavern in Arkansas recently, a scientist of the New York Museum of Natural History discovered immense deposits of the bones of rats and mice, representing innumerable generations of those rodents which in earlier days had inhabited the place. Most of them were wood-rats and white-footed mice.

Rats and mice are so familiar to us as parasites on man, living upon his unwilling bounty, that it is hard for us to imagine how they got along in the world before there were any human beings for them to adopt as hosts. But, of course, many species of such rodents, like the wood-rats, are even now wild and undomesticated. Furthermore, at the beginning it was not the rats and mice that came to live with people; it was the people who came to live with the rats and mice.

The earliest human beings found it convenient, for the sake of shelter and protection against wild beasts, to live in caves. But the caves had for ages been the homes of rats and mice, which probably regarded the people as very unwelcome intruders—especially when the latter made a practice, as presumably they did, of catching and cooking their long-tailed acquaintances for food.

The antiquity of rats and mice as cave-dwellers is proved by the great deposits of their remains found in such places everywhere. Examination of their bones, too, shows that these animals have altered surprisingly little with the progress of the ages. Hundreds of thousands of years ago, apparently, they were much the same as they are to-day. The only important modification of this branch of the fauna of the earth has been made by man, who has transported certain species, such as the black rat and gray rat—the latter being to-day the rat par excellence of civilization—to all parts of the world.

HOT MEALS FOR THE FIRING LINE—STEAMING RATIONS WITHOUT A SPARK AGLOW BENEATH THEM.

THE greatest advantage of the new method of "fireless cooking," so called, which the War Department seems likely to adopt, lies in the opportunity it affords for supplying hot meals to the fighting men engaged in active operations in a campaign. By such means food in appetizing form could actually be furnished to the firing line, being conveyed along the trenches in small two-wheeled wagons.

Experiments now in progress at Fort Riley are designed to test the usefulness of the "fireless" plan under conditions as nearly as possible like those of real war. Large boxes lined with felt and asbestos have been made, and into these insulated receptacles are put the kettles containing food supplies which have hardly more than begun to cook. The heat being prevented from escaping, the cooking goes on without the help of any further fire, and after many hours the meal is ready to serve.

Long marches have been made, taking along the boxes on wagons, and the result has been found exceedingly satisfactory. On reaching at nightfall the place chosen for camp, the soldiers were able to have a hot and satisfactory meal at once, each man receiving his portion of stew, hominy and coffee in a steaming and appetizing condition, taken direct from the boxes, instead of waiting, after the customary fashion, until eight o'clock in the evening perhaps for the provender so urgently needed after a hard day's work.

If it be true, as is generally conceded, that an army moves on its belly, anything that can contribute to the comfort of the soldier in respect to his food must be of material advantage, rendering him more capable and efficient as a fighting man. It is believed that in future campaigns the "fireless cooking" system will be applied on a large scale, to the great satisfaction of troops, who can be supplied even from a considerable distance with hot meals, carried in boxes on army wagons built expressly for this kind of service, and dished out in savory and tempting shape a dozen hours or more after leaving the fire.

CURIOSITIES IN TARGETS—THE WAR DEPARTMENT LEARNS A LESSON FROM THE SHOOTING-GALLERY MAN.

OUR army is only beginning to adopt targets, for rifle practice, of patterns that can properly be called up-to-date. Such targets, which are intended to imitate real soldiers as closely as possible, have been in use for quite a while in Europe, and some of the more recent ones are as curious as they are ingenious.

For example, one of the newest targets represents in silhouette a field gun with half-a-dozen cannoneers, the whole affair being made to run by steam on a track across the rifle range. It affords a fine moving mark to shoot at. In some cases the gun and men are put aboard an imitation armored car.

Another target, representing a column of troops marching down hill toward the marksmen engaged at practice, is suspended on wires, and consists of a number of groups of silhouette figures suitably arranged. More simple is a row of balloons representing a line of sharpshooters entrenched, and which when punctured are technically "dead."

A painted canvas on a frame has the appearance of the front of a house, with a window and door which can be opened and shut. In the doorway stands a dummy soldier, and in the window another. In actual war, where house-to-house fighting has sometimes to be done, practice of this kind is likely to prove useful.

Still another target, the silhouette of a soldier creeping, is attached to a light frame four feet square, and is carried, after the manner of a sign, by a concealed man walking up and down behind the "butt." The newest thing of all in this line, however, is operated by electricity, the dummies, controlled by a small switch-board from in front, popping up and actually shooting back when they are fired it.

EGGS BY THE POUND—THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO PREVENT HENS FROM CHEATING AT THE SCALES.

AN AVERAGE hen's egg weighs a trifle less than two ounces, but the exceptionally large egg tips the scales at three ounces—whereby hangs a tale of experiments which the Department of Agriculture is conducting for the very practical purpose of increasing the size of eggs. By actual trial, its experts have found that there is sometimes a difference of over half a pound in the weight of a dozen eggs—a matter of no small importance in the economy of the housewife who purchases them.

At the Maine Experiment Station efforts are being made to produce strains of chickens that will lay large eggs. Inasmuch as the biggest egg is often laid by the smallest hen in the flock, it is obvious that breeding has more to do with the matter than any other factor. Next in importance is the development of a tendency on the part of hens to lay eggs of uniform size all the year round—not now a small one, and again a big one, but always large eggs of approximately the same weight.

Hitherto no attempt has been made to breed for such purposes, but in future it will be different. Likewise in color there should be uniformity, the tint of the eggshell being always the same. Eggs should be either very white or else dark brown, in order to meet the requirements of the market, which is so exacting on this point that dealers commonly obtain five cents a dozen more for such eggs than for others that are equally fresh and good, but of indeterminate hue.

A hen comes into the world with only about 650 eggs in her body, and, of course, she can lay no more than that number. But, by judicious breeding, strains of pullets may be produced that will give nearly all of their possible yield in the first two years of their lives, and necessarily these are the most profitable birds. Some hens, too, are much more disposed than others to lay in the wintertime, when eggs are worth the most money, and encouragement in this direction is to be given by propagating families of winter-layers through selection from generation to generation.

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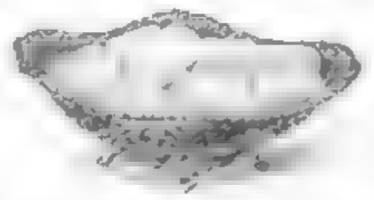

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Sense and Nonsense

Frivolous Definitions

Luxury—That which makes the poor discontented and bores the rich.

Gossip—Social vivisection.

Consistency—The one jewel that does not arouse a woman's envy.

Popularity—The price of self-respect

Diet—Denying yourself the indigestible food you like and eating the digestible things you don't like.

Bear—An optimistic dealer in pessimism.

Actor—One who pays more attention to the bill-board than the board-bill

Caution—The brake that stops a career from running up-hill to success.

Curiosity—Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix.

Good Judgment—Finding out what kind of advice a man wants and giving it to him.

Pull—The resource of those who have no push.

Conscience—The internal whisper that says: "Don't do it; you might get caught."

Vanity—The food of fools.

Appreciation—Envy in sheep's clothing.

A Compromise—An amicable understanding by which you and your wife agree to let her have her own way.

Alimony—The grass widow's pension.

High Finance—Making two millions grow where none grew before.

—*Harry Thompson.*

A Sleight Offense

The wily accountant who "doctors" his books
To add to his fraudulent gain,
Is practicing that which to honest folk looks
Like a sly bit of ledger-demain.

Literal Literature

The old-time tale which we recall,
When ringin' fightin' gory,
Where men as fast as they would fall
Were promptly scalped, was, after all,
The true "hair-raising" story.

The Hardest Task

There's many a man who might, no doubt,
Win something in life's race,
If he wouldn't wear himself clear out
And run his legs off, just about,
In seeking an easy place.

December and May

Lorn, lean old Moneybags may win
A rosy bride, if he
But woos her with a will—wherein
She is the legatee.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Paul Morphy's First Game

THE first game of chess played by Paul Morphy under anything like public circumstances was with General Winfield Scott, just after the latter's return from the Mexican War. In those days a number of the leading citizens of New Orleans had a club on Royal Street, just over the famous Sazerac coffee-house, and among the members of the coterie were Paul Morphy's father; Chief Justice Eustis, of the State Supreme Court—whose son, James B. Eustis, has since been twice a Senator from Louisiana, and Ambassador to France—and others who are not important to this story.

General Scott had many acquaintances there, some of them quite intimate, and, knowing the habits of the members, he repaired to their very comfortable rooms within a few hours after reaching the city.

One of Scott's passions was for chess. It may be said to have been one of his vanities as well. He was in the front rank of amateurs in his day. After renewing old friendships and talking a little about the war, he turned to Chief Justice Eustis and asked whether he could have a game of chess in the evening, explaining that he had been deprived of his favorite amusement for a year or two and was naturally keen to resume it.

"I want for my antagonist," said the big general, stretching himself complacently, "the best player in town. I want to be put upon my mettle."

Several names were mentioned, but the conqueror dismissed them with contempt.

"Very well," said Justice Eustis, "if you want to meet our best—really our best—player we can arrange it. At eight to-night, if that will suit you."

The General assented with evident gratification, and the party broke up.

At eight o'clock, dinner having been disposed of, the rooms were full. General Scott, a towering giant, was asked to meet his competitor—a small boy of about ten years of age, and not by any means a prepossessing boy, dressed in velvet knickerbockers, with a lace shirt and a big spreading collar of the same material. Paul Morphy was never of an attractive appearance. He had a large and ugly head, with bulging brows and a silent if not sullen air. At first, General Scott imagined that it was a sorry jest and his tremendous dignity arose in protest. It seemed to him that his old friends had committed an incredible and unpardonable impertinence. Then Justice Eustis assured him that his wish had been scrupulously consulted; that this ill-favored boy was, in fact, the best chess-player in New Orleans and quite worthy of his notice.

So the game began, with General Scott still angry and by no means satisfied.

Paul won the move and advanced the Queen's castle's pawn. In response to the General's play, he advanced the other castle's pawn. Next he had two Knights in the field, then another pawn opened the line for the Queen, and at the tenth move he had the General checkmated before he had even begun to develop his defense. There was only one more game.

Paul Morphy, after the sixth move, marked the spot and announced the moment for the debacle—which occurred according to the schedule—and the General arose, trembling with amazement and indignation.

Paul was taken home, sullen and silent as usual, and the incident reached its end. The few survivors of that era still talk about Paul Morphy's first appearance in public, but only by hearsay.

General Scott lived to wonder that he should have ever played with the first chess-genius of the century—or, for that matter, of any other century.

And Paul Morphy died in New Orleans some twenty years ago—a hopeless imbecile and lunatic.

What a Court Really Is

MAGISTRATE ROBERT CORNELL, of New York, has acquired a new and valuable legal definition. An aged but robust negro witness who testified before him the other day wouldn't stop talking when counsel objected, but kept on roaring his testimony.

"Stop!" the magistrate commanded. "Don't you know you're in court?"

"Ya-a-as'r," replied the negro.

"Well, don't you know what a court is?"

"Oh-h-h, ya-as'r," said the old fellow with a low bow. "Ya-as'r; a co't is a place whah dey dispenses with justice!"

Songs of Schooldays

Limitations of Modern Heroism

thare is no chance to bee a hearo now
with meddles on ure brest ann ure pail brow
awl reothd with lorrel like a surloin stake
in thee metemarrkut windo. u kann maik
a forchune buyen stox butt u kannt be
a norater like pattrick henry. hee
kood maik the wurld sitt up ann look at him
ann kappten kid was grate ann banndit jim
killed indyuns bi skoars butt u ann me
wi millyunnaires is awl thatt we kann be.

in onlden daze we kood uv bin a nite
with armer on ann goen fourth to fite
fore some fare made but now we onley ride
in ottoze with the lady fare inside
ann maybee run into a trane ann gett
thee otto broak ann awl uv us in dett
fore braken the masheen. ur maybee wee
kann be a foothawl player ur kann bee
a pittcher in a bugg leeg teem butt o
woe kannot doo the dedes uv longuggo.

o fore thee daze uv old wenn nites were brait
ann enny wun wood give his life to saive
a flour frum a lady's hare ur fite
a hundered robburs in a singul nite
ann kil um awl ann dround um in the mote.
purhappe thay kood not gett a singul voat
tooday if thay shood be a kanndidate
fore mayer. butt it dux nott maik u grate
too gett the voats unlest u are ux boald
ann honnust ux the nites in daze uv oald.

—*J. W. Foley*

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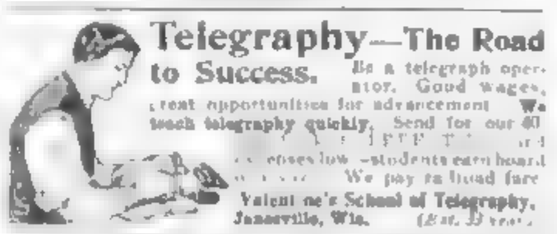

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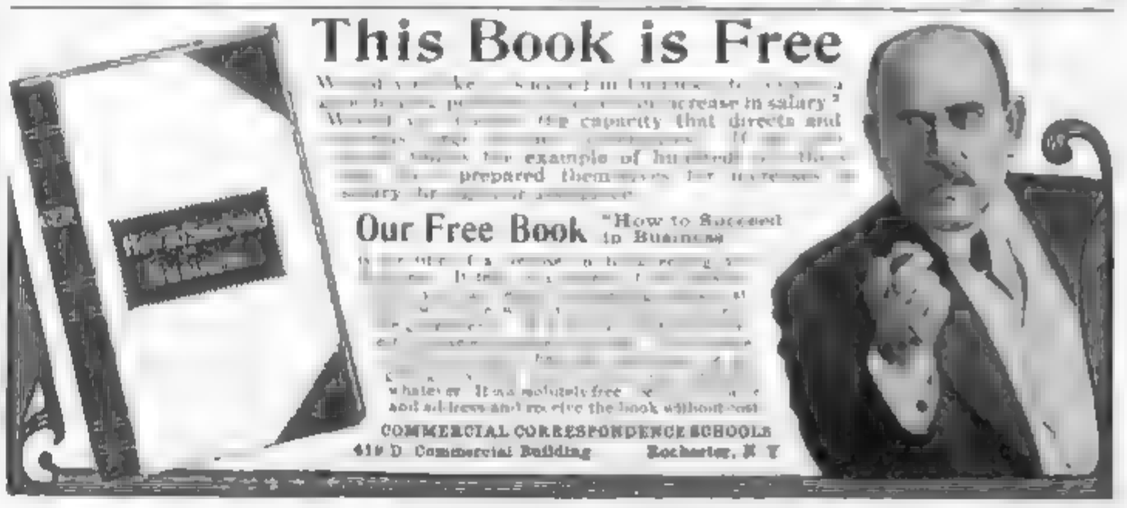
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PLAYER FOLK

Maude Adams

"Do You Believe in Fairies?"

FEW who are not familiar with the risks and fatalities of theatrical ventures can realize the ordeal through which Miss Maude Adams passed on the first night of her new play, Barrie's quaint and extraordinary fairy extravaganza, Peter Pan. The appeal of the piece is at once to the simplest of childish imagination and the most refined and fanciful sense of humor—a combination toward which the Broadway public is little likely to be hospitable. One scene is more daring and fantastic than even Barrie has ever before conceived.

Peter Pan (who will be remembered by all readers of the Little White Bird) has in the play a devoted attendant fairy, Tinker, who is seen only as an elfish, dancing light on the walls, and is heard only as a remote and melodious jingling of tiny bells. Peter's cruel enemy, Pirata Hook, has poisoned his medicine, and to save his life Fairy Tinker drinks it. A dying flicker of the light on the walls and a convulsive little tinkle of the bells tells Peter that she is dying. It is a moment of tragic pathos. Nothing can save her, Tinker says, except that all the children shall believe in fairies.

At this point Miss Adams, clad in Peter's suit of boyish buckskins, has to come down to the footlights and ask the audience: "Do you believe in fairies?" No actress ever faced a severer and more decisive test of her power over her public. And this audience of Broadway first-nighters was not really her public, but a collection of weary and case-hardened critics, keen-eyed actors and managers, wine merchants, racing people and blasé fashionables. Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year one might as well ask them if they believed the moon was made of green cheese. But if Miss Adams failed to make them cry out with sympathy and momentary belief the result would be a fiasco—disaster.

No one will ever forget it who saw her holding out her slender, beseeching hands across the footlights and heard her wistful appeal: "*Do* you believe in fairies?" When she had spoken there was a brief pause, and then a loud shout of "Yes!" For a moment that audience did believe in fairies. Barrie and Miss Adams had mastered them; the play was saved, to become one of the delights of the season.

The Genius of Clyde Fitch

A DISAPPOINTED playwright once remarked that it might take a man of talent to write a play, but that it certainly takes a man of genius to get it produced. According to this definition, Clyde Fitch takes rank as a genius. They have a law in England against producing plays that represent the lives of any of the members of the reigning house, so Beau Brummel was impossible. But that did not daunt Mr. Fitch. He adapted the scheme of the play to the life of Count D'Orsay, and the result was The Last of the Dandies, performed with success by Beerbohm Tree.

A dozen years ago Madame Modjeska wanted a vehicle, and he gave her one, which, as it happened, was also on the Beau Brummel order, centring in the life of Betty Singleton, actress. It ran only a week or so, but Mr. Fitch has always believed in it, and this year has furnished it up as The Toast of the Town for Miss Viola Allen, who is appearing in it not without success. For many years it was annually announced that Mr. Fitch's Major André was to be produced each year with a new actor. When it finally saw the footlights, it became evident why a long line of actors and managers had got cold feet. But Mr. Fitch still believes in the play. He has other pieces which have also been announced, but which as yet are unproduced. Mr. Fitch lives in hopes. The managers live in fear, for they do not love these vintage plays.

Those who know most about the chances of the theatre are least likely to blame any playwright for sticking to his guns. Mr. Fitch's own Nathan Hale was refused by manager after manager, and he was reduced almost to poverty, before our leading comedian, Nat Goodwin, assumed the rôle of its tragic hero, and made one of the great successes of his career. The Climbers, too, had been refused by every one else before Miss Amelia Bingham accepted it, and established Mr. Fitch's reputation as a literary dramatist, as Mr. Goodwin had established his fortunes. There is a saying that it is the nature of genius to believe in itself, and why should it not be applied to this most difficult of all problems in art—getting a play produced?

Manager and Matinée Girl

THE Matinée Girl is a fearsome creation to the theatrical manager. She is too sophisticated to give her whole heart to the pink and blue sentimentalities that would have pleased her mid-Victorian grand dame, but if there is any questionable line in a play her mother steps in and puts the whole performance under the ban. At the first night of Olga Nethersole's New York appearance in The Labyrinth, her manager, Mr. Charles Dillingham, had a tale of woe.

"I've just received a letter from the head of a girls' school," he said, "asking if this show is fit to be seen by forty young girls."

As the chief act centres in a bedroom scene that makes even the hardened first-nighter sit up and fidget, the answer to the manager's question was a peal of laughter.

"Well," said Mr. Dillingham dubiously, "I gave 'em The Little Princess." It is an open secret that, charming as Mrs. Burnett's piece was, it proved very far from a splendid success. "Almost any night," Mr. Dillingham concluded, "I could have made room for forty schoolgirls then."

Joe Jefferson and Egg

THE late Joseph Jefferson was as versatile in the other arts as he was limited in his scope as an actor. He was an easy and delightful conversationalist, a finished speaker, the author of one of the most charming of all theatrical biographies, perhaps the ablest critic of acting who ever wrote in English, and a painter of rare and delightful imagination, though hampered by his lack of technical knowledge and training.

Richard Watson Gilder tells a story of his devotion to the brush. Jefferson's favorite son returned home one day from an extended absence, and was surprised that his father was not at the station to meet him. He went straight to the studio where, as he had learned, the old man was painting. Going up to the easel he said "Well, father?" The artist did not stir, but went on laying the paint with broad, excited sweeps. The son waited, and finally repeated: "*Well*, father!" Still Jefferson kept his eye on palette and canvas. When the greeting was repeated again, the old comedian looked up for a moment and exclaimed with a grin of joy: "Egg! my son. Egg!"

He had just learned how to mix his pigments with albumen, so as to give them fluency and smoothness of surface, and was painting away as if to make up for the years he had lost in ignorance.

Amelia Bingham

Luck and David Warfield

OF THE two great steps in his advance as an artist, David Warfield owes one to his own initiative and the other to the merest chance. The story of how he got his start on the stage has been told, but will bear another telling. He was attached to a musical comedy company, and had repeatedly begged for a part in vain. When summer came, the company turned out to play a game of baseball, and Warfield took his courage in both hands and decided to make a strike for the chance he believed he deserved. He had often noticed the picturesque faces and bearing of the Jewish pedlers in the streets, and studied their dialect. He now made himself up as a Yid, with scraggy beard and battered derby, and appeared on the field with his basket on his arm. He completely fooled the company at first, and even after he was discovered he proved so amusing that he was immediately given his chance on the stage. He rose rapidly until he gained a national reputation with Weber and Fields. Here, however, he seemed destined to stick, for when an actor has made so strong an impression in one part, both managers and public are unwilling to accept him in any other.

It so happened, however, that David Belasco was looking for a promising actor out of whom to make a star, and one day casually asked Louis De Foe, one of the New York dramatic critics, if he knew of any promising man. Mr. De Foe named Warfield. But Mr. Belasco objected that he was a mere burlesque actor; that his man must be capable of serious emotional acting. Mr. De Foe answered that in the Weber and Fields show Warfield had one serious moment, and that the house never failed to listen to him so quietly that you could hear the proverbial pin drop. Mr. Belasco made a visit to Weber and Fields', and the result was that he engaged Warfield as a star, and had Charles Klein write The Auctioneer around the familiar Yid—with what success the public well knows.

In his second star vehicle, The Music Master, Warfield broke away completely from the familiar moth-eaten beard and pot hat, with the result that he has achieved one of the greatest artistic and popular successes in a decade. He is now in the middle of his second year in New York, and still playing to full houses; and, furthermore, he is generally recognized as the only actor in tender and sympathetic character comedy worthy of comparison with Joseph Jefferson. But might he not be still the mere music hall specialist except for a single chance and a single word?

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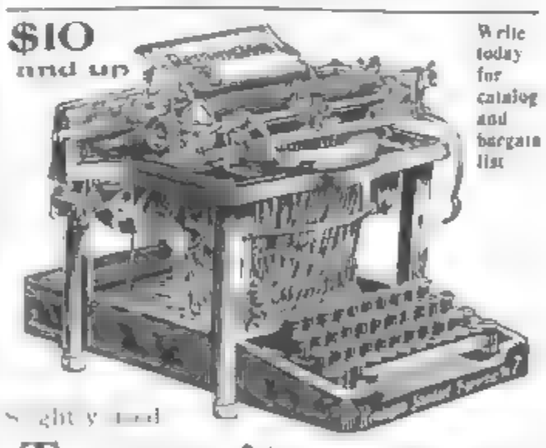

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"THE GODDESS OF THE TURF"

(Concluded from Page 6)

I knew Sears had the mount, but I didn't know Sears. So I copped out a envelope an' stuck a sheet of paper in it an' addressed it to Sears, then me to the stable. I tell yer, Beau, I wouldn't had the Goddess lose that bet for ——

Well, anyhow, the man at the stable gate grabbed me an' me note.

"Leggo," I said. "I got a message from Jim Reed to Kid Sears, who rides Lady Jane."

I flashed the envelope an'-he fell for it, all right, all right. When I arrived, Sears was standin' watchin' the trainer rub down the skate. I wigwagged him into a box stall an' closed the door so nobody outside could hear. Well, say, Beau, in a minute there was doin's—Oh me, oh my, oh mama!

"You ride Lady Jane to win," I says.

"Who are you?" he says.

"Archibald Clarence De Peysterheimer," I says. Bing! An' I belted him plumb on the jaw.

"Pleased for to meet yer," says he. Biff! An' me to the Aurora Borealis.

"Pleasure's all mine," I says. Bam! An' he swallered three teeth.

"I'm beginnin' to think so," he says. Plink! An' me left lamp went out. Oh, it was a polite affair, all right, all right. Aw, gimme a match!

"Do yer ride Lady Jane to win?" I says, an' I lit on his solar plexus.

"I'm beginnin' to think she may have a look in," he says.

Then, Beau, I saw I had him wingin', an', take my word for it, I climbed all over him. Every time I hit him I made some pertinent remark about Lady Jane winnin'. Finally he weakened. If he hadn't, I'd have been hammerin' him yet.

"But I get two hundred for layin' back with her," he says, sort of whiny like.

"Have yer got it?" I asked.

"Yes," says he.

"Well, win then," I says. "It's a cinch. There won't be any holler, an' I'll get yer a good job. Besides, I'll jus' simply have to beat yer to death if yer don't." He was down on the floor an' me sittin' in the middle o' his manly bosom. "Does Lady Jane win?" I says.

"She wins," says he.

Then I lifted him up an' brushed the dirt off an' give him a ball, an'—an'—well, Lady Jane win all right. Say, Beau, I wouldn't have fell down with the Goddess for a million. Honest, I forgot all about me face when I went back to the box, an' then when I see her look at me I tried to kid, but—but somehow it wouldn't work. Reckin I might fix it with her?

Why, hello, Kid! Come over here a minute an' sit down. Kid, this is a friend o' mine—Beau, this is Kid Sears, the jock. He's a good fellow. What'll yer have, Kid?

IV

WHEN Miss Gardiner and I entered a box in the grandstand at Montauk a few days later, the most conspicuous spot on the landscape was a patch of brilliant red against the fence directly in front of us. It was Batty. He was leaning on the rail with his head on his arm. I stowed Miss Gardiner and her furbelows safely away—her chaperon was still indisposed, bless her!—and sought out Batty.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Hello, Beau," he responded, and there was a certain eagerness in his tone as he turned and gripped my hand. Involuntarily his eyes swept the grandstand and stopped at Miss Gardiner. "Honest, Beau, I feel like a dill pickle," he said.

As a matter of course, as one privileged, he accompanied me back to the box.

"Did the jack-pot for Division Street pan out?" Batty asked

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Gardiner. "Nicely, thank you."

Then nobody said anything for several minutes. Finally Batty turned to me.

"Bill Stacey says he's goin' to cut a watermelon in the last race to-day," he said. "The odds won't be much, but maybe——"

He looked at Miss Gardiner and she shook her head.

"No, no," she said quickly, with a slight smile. "It's too exciting."

"That Division Street meal-ticket's liable to expire at any minute," said Batty.

"It isn't that," said Miss Gardiner.

"Why, when we were down there together t'other day——" Batty began.

"What were you doing in Division Street?" I asked. I saw a sudden crimson flush in Miss Gardiner's face.

"Oh, me an' th' other noted philanthropists go down there sometimes to give away a million or so," said Batty, and he winked at me broadly. "Besides, I used to live down there, yer know."

"You met Miss Gardiner there?" I asked. She looked at me quickly.

"Sure thing," said Batty. "I—I was down there an'—an' jus' happened to run across her."

Suddenly I knew something—something which startled me. Deep in Batty's eyes there lay that which confirmed this great truth which suddenly dawned. Miss Gardiner's lips were closed tightly and she was gazing far away across the race-track, a faint flush in her cheeks. There was a pause—a long, awkward pause.

"Oh, Batty," I suggested finally, "let's go look at your new auto."

"Sure, Beau, in a minute," he said. "I'm sort of hopin' you an' Miss Gardiner'll go back to town in it with me?" And he looked her straight in the eyes.

"I'm afraid it would be quite impossible," she said pointedly.

"It's the real mustard, I'll tell you those," said Batty. "But some other time will do. Maybe you'd rather stay down an' have dinner with me at the beach?"

"We have an engagement in town, Batty," I put in, and Miss Gardiner gave me a grateful look. "Let's go see your auto."

He went with me reluctantly, and for a time we conversed of all things on earth save that one on which I had most to say. Finally I told Batty a little story.

"I was writing the other night," I said, "when a moth fluttered in and began to circle the lamp, occasionally striking it with his full weight. Did you ever happen to notice one?"

"Aw, what are yer givin' us?" asked Batty, grinning.

"Time after time the moth flew straight at the flame," I went on. "It was trying to achieve destruction. Being a foolish little moth, it didn't happen to know that success in the effort it was making meant its own death. I fanned the moth away several times, but each time it returned. Then, for the moth's sake, I took it in my hand and put it out into the night.

"Beyond my door was darkness and life for the moth," I said. "As soon as it lost sight of the blinding flame it was satisfied, and went away to its own life."

"Gee, wouldn't that scald yer?" asked Batty.

"There are occasionally similar incidents in the lives of men—and Goddesses," I said meaningly. "Goddesses are blinding, yet man seeks them, and his own undoing at the same time. Wake up, Batty. Don't be a moth."

Batty knew then, and he looked at me understandingly. Following quickly on the heels of realization came anger, and the chin shot out aggressively.

"I don't see where you get on," he said suddenly, sullenly. "I'm worth fifty thousand dollars and I made it myself. I guess nobody'd starve if ——"

"Don't talk like a fool, Batty," I advised. "Miss Gardiner and I are to be married within a few months. It was settled last night."

Two keen eyes gazed deep into mine steadily for a long time as Batty leaned against the wheel of the car. There he fought the fight. It was a hard one, I knew, but he didn't flinch. Only perhaps there was a little melancholy droop at the mouth which had no place on his sunburned, freckled countenance.

"Oh," he said, after a while, as if dazed "Oh!" Then suddenly: "Beau, I'm a dub—a plain, ordinary, common, flat-wheel dub. Me! I ain't nothin' but a seven-spot. I'm glad of it. Honest, Beau" and he gripped my hand heartily—"I'm glad of it. Tell her for me, won't yer—jus' somethin' nice. You know how to say it."

"Hadn't you better come back and tell her yourself?" I suggested.

"No, I—I—guess I hadn't," he said. Then he grinned; Batty Logan was awake. "Bill Stacey says that skate o' his in the last race is a bird. Yer better hang on to a tail-feather when she begins to fly."

The Millionaire's Art Primer

(Continued from Page 3)

shearing-pen the most delicate chicanery is necessary. If he were not so determined to be a patron of art the task would be quite hopeless. But his passion is his undoing. In moving about London, or Paris, or Venice, or Rome, or Madrid, he meets, apparently by accident, a connoisseur of the highest standing and of reputation for the sternest virtue. It often is several years before this capper gets the absolute confidence of Mr. Jones. You can imagine how he does it—how many times he saves Mr. Jones from the wiles of this dealer or the other. At last, however, he lands his fish. Jones swears by the virtuous de Brantôme or von Greistahl or Cappiani or Morevos. Jones buys whatever the virtuous one advises -and the virtuous one is careful not to steer his man against any but first-class fakes. This for two reasons—prudence and pelf

You may wonder why suspicion is never aroused. That is the simplest matter in the world. In the first place, remember that the art patron is not looking for objects of art, examples of beauty or skill, but only for objects alleged by the priest of the cult to be objects of art—and sometimes they are, though most often they are mere rubbish. In the second place, each patron of art realizes that the supply of genuine objects must be limited, he is always certain that he is getting the genuine thing and that all the other patrons are fools who are being faked. If you wish to study this, go with any patron of art to look at the collection of any other patron. He will praise a few objects, but most of the time he will be lifting his eyebrows and winking at you.

This fake "culture," this tyranny of the slimiest commercialism, not only discourages artists—real artists -who are trying to do good work; it also prevents the spread of common-sense and natural taste in matters of art.

In one of our Eastern cities there lives a man who is the talk of his set because of his "almost superhuman intuition" in matters of art, because he is so "sensitive to the æsthetic." This man could not live, so he says, if his surroundings were not altogether and gloriously antique. His house is vastly admired—it is, in fact, a nightmare of junk and jumble. In his largest room, in the middle, is his greatest glory—a huge, really superb antique, which may not be described here more closely. In its proper place it would be beautiful; in a drawing-room it is absurd. He paid an enormous price for it—more than a hundred thousand dollars, and it is said that he has willed it to a great public museum.

A short time ago a careless servant broke off a corner of this marvel. The sensitive soul all but took flight from this coarse world. When he could get himself together again he took a pan and a broom and, on hands and knees, went over the whole floor of the room, gathering together every tiny fragment. He put the pieces in a box and with many an injunction intrusted it to a friend who was going abroad. "Take these to X ——," said he, giving the name of the most expert of the art restorers and repairers of Europe, "and have him put them together, no matter what the cost. If any bits are missing they are not to be replaced. I will have no profanation."

His friend took the bits to the expert. "Yes, I can fix it up," said the expert. "It will cost about $500."

"Very well," said the American. "My friend will be glad to pay it."

"But," said the expert, "why go to all this trouble? I can make a new piece exactly like the old one. It will only cost seventy-five dollars."

The American shuddered. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "My friend would be furious."

"I don't see why," retorted the expert mender. "I made the whole thing from which this piece broke off. I made it about fifteen years ago. See, here's my private mark on this bit. It is very small, as I did the work for a dealer who was going to sell the thing for genuine."

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When the American recovered from the shock he said: "And how much did you charge for it?"

"I worked cheaper then," replied the mender, now revealed as a manufacturer of the best, the most priceless antiquities. "I only got $900 for the whole thing. How much did your friend pay?"

"I don't remember," lied the American. "But, please, don't tell anybody what you have told me. And patch up that piece. I wouldn't have my friend disillusioned for worlds. If I did it he would hate me."

Back of every one of these cults—educational, political, aesthetic, what-not—you will always find a greedy throng of commercial chaps—professors, politicians, connoisseurs, dealers—who are busy fooling others, and themselves, too, because there's money in it. But of all these fakirs, about the most brazen are the art fakirs. And rich is the reward of their impudence. If only the trash they palm off on our leaders in artistic culture could be destroyed instead of being flaunted and vaunted! This year the fakirs reaped a richer harvest than last. Next year's harvest will be richer than this year's, and so on, until—well, until men and women learn to like what suits them themselves, instead of pretending to like things that nobody dares criticise, though nobody likes them except the art dealers and art critics who "need the money."

RUSSIA AND HER RULERS

(Concluded from Page 2)

pseudo-general, "it is the Czar's will that you shall burn the prince's house and all the farm buildings to the ground. Only when you have pulled down the nests the crows will fly away." Having finished his reading the "General" and his staff drive off to another village where the same ceremony is gone through. The whole countryside is agog with the great news. All the rest of the day is spent in repairing harness, in making ready the carts and providing teams so that they may not be late at the rendezvous fixed by the Czar.

The next morning, long before daylight, every road leading to the doomed estate is thronged with carts all driving to the rendezvous. Prince Obolenski, who two years ago had a terrible time in stamping out a jacquerie that had broken out in the sugar-producing districts of Kharkoff, described such a scene to me as resembling nothing so much as a huge anthill. In every direction carts were driving to a common centre, and other carts were returning full. In one case there were 2500 carts busily engaged in carting off the sugar, and they succeeded in removing three hundred tons of it before the Cossacks arrived. The usual plan of operations is for the marauding peasants—each in his simple heart exultant that the Czar has at last given the land to his people—to approach the landowner's house and demand his keys. They say that the Czar has given everything to them, and that if the keys are given over to them they will not maltreat anybody. If, however, he refuses, they will be obliged to kill him and burn his house over his head.

Looting the Landowners

Picture the position of such a landowner, summoned at daybreak, to stand and deliver by thousands of peasants firmly persuaded they are doing the Czar's bidding and with their mouths watering for their prey! What can he do? Summon the Authorities? Alas, the nearest Authority may be fifty miles away and the roads at this season are mere quagmire! Besides, even if he could reach them, and few country houses have telegraph or telephone, what could they do? The Authority might or might not have a few Cossacks. The nearest garrison may be hundreds of miles away. There are no police. There are a few village constables here and there elected by the peasants, but what can they do, even if they tried, against the multitude? Besides, they as constables would be the first to obey the Czar's order.

But, it may be asked, can the landowner not rely upon his own peasants? If he does, he relies upon a broken reed. His own peasants will never begin the pillage. They stand aloof, watching curiously the colloquy between their master and the strange peasants who come in the name of the Czar to take the land. Undecided, anxious, torn by conflicting feelings of devotion to their landlord and their inbred longing for the land, they wait until the parley is over and the pillage has begun. Then, as they see strangers carrying off the sheaves that they have reaped, and staggering under the weight of furniture with which they have been familiar from childhood, a confused murmur breaks out: "We have more right to it than these fellows!" And in another moment your peasants have joined the pillagers and are looting with the best. In a very few hours the place is skinned to the bone. The live stock are often butchered on the spot. Everything that is portable is removed. Then, as a climax, the torch is applied to the buildings and the ruined proprietor is left with his children to warm himself by the flames of his ancestral home.

That is the Revolution in Russia—the real Revolution which hides its grim and blood-red features behind no end of pretty masks of pleas for freedom and justice. There is no personal animus against the landed proprietors. In all the cases of agrarian outrage reported, I do not remember to have seen one in which the action of the peasants was excused or defended on the ground that they had legitimate grievances against the landlord. In many cases the peasants expressed and apparently felt the greatest regret that they had to plunder the property of one who had been their best friend. In the case of Prince Dolgoroukoff's estate, the whole proceeds of which were every year devoted to the upkeep of no fewer than seventy-four schools for the children of the peasants, the peasants wrecked everything, weeping as they plundered: "We wept, Little Father, we wept bitterly when we were doing it, for it went terribly against the grain, but we could not help it. We were told to do it, and so we did." A leading Liberal landowner of Novgorod, residing in St. Petersburg, was surprised to receive a deputation of his peasants who had traveled all the way to St. Petersburg to beseech him not to return now to Novgorod, because if he did they would beat him and destroy his property, and they would rather commit any crime than that, but they had no choice.

Social Revolutionists

The Social Revolutionists confine their propaganda chiefly to the peasants. But, as the peasant does not cease to be a peasant when he goes to town to work, the Social Revolutionists are busy both in town and in country. Between them and the Social Democrats there is a general understanding rather than a working agreement. The Social Revolutionist was less dissatisfied with the Douma than the Social Democrat, and for obvious reasons. The peasant is the predominant elector in the Douma. The town workman, excepting so far as he is a peasant, was left out in the cold. The Peasants' Union, a recently formed organization, controlled chiefly by revolutionary schoolmasters and peasants who were living in towns, has adopted an agrarian program hardly distinguishable from that of the Social Revolutionaries. This led to the arrest of its members, who, though they say that they represent nearly 400,000 peasants, only represent them in so far as they give articulate expression to their craving for more land.

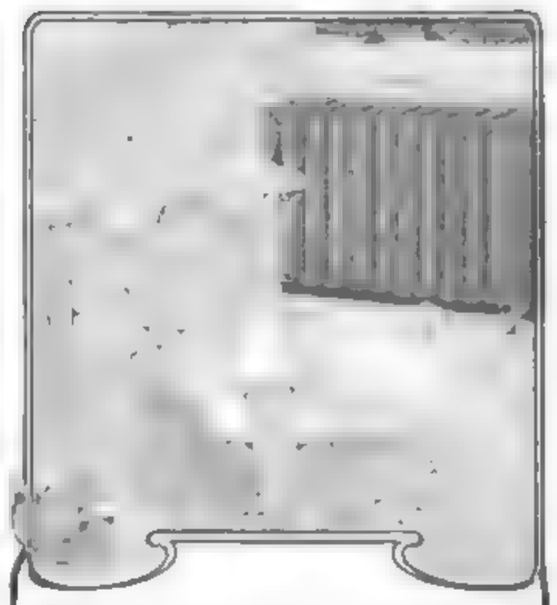
The best organized of all the revolutionary organizations in Russia is the Jewish Bund. The Jews are at once the most oppressed and the brainiest people in Russia. Every now and then a savage stimulus is given to their zeal by massacre and outrage. The Bund is therefore the most *bona-fide* organization of the kind in Russia. The Jews, however, have enough energy and enthusiasm to spare after organizing the Bund, and in all the revolutionary organizations in Russia you always find the Jews well to the front. After the Bund, the Social Democrats with their republican aspirations come next, and then the Social Revolutionists. Mixed up between these are the purely economic Trades Unions, or Workmen's Associations, which, however economic they may be at their foundation, inevitably gravitate into politics. Of that the most remarkable illustration was the Railway Employees' Union which precipitated, almost by accident, the great political strike of October immediately preceding the grant of the constitution. In February the demands of the railway men were of the usual trades-unionist description: more wages, shorter hours of work, and the removal of grievances. But in October all these economic demands were submerged in the demand for a constitution.

The most serious of all the revolutionary movements in Russia is that which aims at permeating the armed forces of the empire with revolutionary ideas. When once the Government cannot rely upon its soldiers and its sailors the game is up. Hence the most strenuous efforts have been made to penetrate the naval and military barracks. Owing to the absence of the regular army in Manchuria, the barracks were filled with reservists, many of whom brought with them from their villages sullen discontent, and a readiness to listen to any foes of the existing Government.

The Union of Unions was an attempt to federate all the existing professional and other associations. Its president, Professor Milukoff, and his committee were promptly arrested and thrown into jail. After remaining in prison untried and even unaccused for five weeks, Professor Milukoff was released. But although from time to time meetings of the Union of Unions, or League of Leagues, have been held, the expectation entertained that it would develop into a kind of illegal but national committee capable of coördinating all the developments of the revolutionary movement has not been realized. At the end of October we heard a good deal about the Council of Workmen's Delegates in St. Petersburg, and something about the Peasants' Union of Moscow, but the League of Leagues seemed to have receded somewhat into the background. It would be a good thing for Russia and for Humanity if the revolutionary movement were capable of being controlled by any representative committee, especially by a committee presided over by a man as sane, as reasonable and as practical as Professor Milukoff. But the actions of the revolutionary "movement" appear to be incapable of control

The Storm-Winds Gather

The probability is that, if the revolutionary forces succeed in upsetting the Czar, Russia itself will burst like a great bomb. As long as the Czar is on his throne there is only one authority. If once he disappears, the last semblance of authority will perish and Russia will be plunged into a bloody anarchy, in which regiments would find themselves on opposite sides and all the centrifugal forces would have full play. In Poland there are, besides the Social Democrats and the Jewish Bund, the Polish National League and the Polish Proletarian party. There is a revolutionary party among the Little Russians, and very formidable revolutionary committees among the Letts and the Courlanders of the Baltic provinces. Finland has recovered her ancient constitution, but if Russia went to pieces there are many Finlanders who would be glad to see Finland lord in her own house. In the Caucasus there are Armenian and Georgian and Tartar leagues mutually hostile, whose feuds have filled the whole of that beautiful land with bloodshed and misery. If once the Czar went, the keystone of the arch would disappear. There is no one as yet visible above the horizon who has the standing, the influence or the following to enable him to organize a government which would be recognized everywhere throughout the Russian Empire. The immediate future would seem to promise nothing but limitless confusion. A myriad of beggars on horseback are riding swiftly by as many different roads to the common inevitable destination. There will be attempts to organize governments more or less provisional in the southeast and in the southwest. Foreign intervention will be implored in the Caucasus, in Poland, and in the Baltic provinces. In the absence of a Czar the Cossacks may attempt to reestablish their ancient republic. Everywhere there will be arson, pillage and massacre on a scale such as this generation has not witnessed.



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The Temptation of St. Bernard

What The Irrational Knot Would Prove

IT IS the fashion to twit Bernard Shaw with his fondness for paradox and to reproach him with a want of becoming seriousness. He is always ready, say his critics, to sacrifice consistency to the gratification of a sharp saying or a cleverly-turned retort. On the contrary, he protests, I am an inoffensive, plodding person, deadly in earnest, with the instincts of a schoolmaster and the avocations of a vestryman. There is more truth in the denial than the assertion. Humor, the gift of the gods, is itself the most cruel jest with which they flout a suffering race, and in this stupid world Shaw must be often minded of Laurence Sterne, how he exclaimed with the Frenchman that gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body assumed to hide defects of the mind. "How droll!" says the audience, and conscientiously laughs in the wrong place.

Consistency? Yes, Shaw has a consistency of his own, a consistency of temperament and of ideas, perhaps, rather than of logic. Shaw was born in 1856. He is, therefore, now forty-nine going on fifty, and has, at middle age, arrived at such a pitch of notoriety that he cannot keep his own bad books out of print. The Irrational Knot, which he wrote at the mature age of twenty-three and had politely but firmly declined by every reputable publisher on both sides of the Atlantic, is now brought out by *Brentano*. Selected portions of it had intermittently seen the light in an obscure magazine of socialist affiliations some years ago, and now that it shows signs of lifting its head again, although the parent no longer wholly approves of his child, he wishes to see to it that she is introduced to the polite world clothed and in her right mind. The embarrassed father will make a little prefatory speech of presentation and then leave her to do as she may. Now, gentle reader, you of fifty, if you have concealed in the bottom of grandmother's hair-covered trunk, in the backmost corner of the attic, the manuscript of your graduation essay, dig it out, unroll it, go through it carefully, and tell yourself frankly just how representative it is to-day of your thought, your life, your habits—and then, *then* reproach Shaw with inconsistency. For the Shaw of The Irrational Knot is the very man of the Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.

He has, of course, less skull with his hands, and since then he has sometimes changed sticks; he does not crack a skull so deftly as subsequent years of practice in mob oratory have taught him, but he hits out at the same heads with the same gay audacity. The man may not be "serious" about it, but he is undoubtedly in earnest. Nobody who smilingly plays the losing color for twenty years deserves to be reproached with frivolity because, when in the twenty-first year the luck turns his way, he smiles a little more broadly then when, for a score, it ran against him. And Shaw smiled throughout. As for consistency, no sincere fighter quibbles over landing a black eye with his left because the previous blow to the wind had been a right-hander. A good punch is a punch.

If, to quote a noble paradox that should be dear to Shaw, night is the shadow of light and life the shadow of death, then surely by the same law of contrast a man's virtues presuppose his defects. All Shaw's heroes have the Shavian defects. Moral earnestness they have, and intellectual scruples in plenty and to spare, but an honest passion Shaw would squirm at the adjective—a good old-fashioned hate, a love, that however blind it may be is not ridiculous, an absorbing ambition, never. To tell the truth, they are all a little priggish. Shaw has a perception of this—he has a perception of everything—and makes Susanna of the book exclaim in a moment of petulance that her brother Ned is an impossible person to live with. Susanna, now, is admirable—a little overdone, perhaps, the rouge laid on a little thicker than Shaw would paint it now, but still an admirable creation. So was Sir George Crofts and so was the infamous Mrs. Warren. In fact, the only livable people in Shaw's whole company are the rascals and the fools. Directly he sets out a virtuous woman it becomes his duty to make her ridiculous, because, in his code, virtue as it is practiced is a convention, a second-hand sham, and the whole gospel of Shaw is *conspuez les convenances!* Directly he gives us a hero he makes him a mouthpiece of his own propaganda, and hails a perfect fusillade of philosophic small fire and verbal hand-grenades at and over and under and through him, until the last semblance of the poor creature's human character falls riddled. For a hero should be admirable, and so must not be governed by his passions, which are irrational, or his sympathies, which are conventional, but by his intellect, which is pliant, facile and makes an abundance of excellent copy. Whereas a knave needs neither to be defended nor disemboweled for the moral edification of the reader. He is so obvious that he can be allowed to stand for just what he is—a HORRIBLE EXAMPLE. And so the keen sight and deft touch of the artist are given free rein, unguided by the social philosopher. It results that the scoundrels walk the boards with the weight of solid flesh, while the heroes merely pose and splutter epigrams.

The Irrational Knot is not so wittily written as the later books and is rather worse constructed. It has flashes of real inspiration and moments of real dramatic power, but for long stretches it drags painfully and in the closing chapters it limps to a bad ending.

Howandiver, as Father Tom said to His Holiness, it is certainly a remarkable performance for a first book from a fledgeling of twenty-three, and so far justifies its author's characteristic opinion—to him it is work of the first order—that at least it could have been written by no man of the second order.

—*Thornton Sherburne Hardy.*

A BARGAIN IN HEARTS

(Concluded from Page 7)

clerk arrived at the office of the Gazette with the "copy," for a big display advertisement.

There was less consolation needed when Willitson next saw Annette. He was jubilant; there was no longer any doubt that he would win. Coster treated him coldly, but Coster was a man of his word and would certainly live up to his bargain. Annette was sure of that. He had made some sarcastic references to Willitson in her presence, but that, they indulgently decided, was a privilege to which he was entitled. It was no more than natural, and his resentment would gradually wear away. So, instead of consolation, there was jubilation, which had even more pleasurable features to it.

"I suppose you think it's a good joke," was Coster's ungracious remark when he met Willitson at the house.

"Not a joke at all," returned Willitson. "It's business, and pretty good business, too. Advertising is picking up all along the line. I'm after real estate now."

"What?"

"Agnew has platted a new subdivision, and——"

"Say!" interrupted Coster quickly, "I want to get in on the ground floor somewhere. I'm tired of trailing."

"Call at the office," said Willitson carelessly. "I don't like to talk business while making a social call."

Coster appeared at the office the next day. If he had to advertise he preferred to get in early enough to take advantage of the sliding scale, and a man who owned as much real estate as he did could not afford to let Agnew get the start of him. But Willitson calmly informed him that there was no longer a sliding scale.

"I don't need it now," said Willitson. "People are waking up and getting the advertising habit. Even our loathsome contemporary is gaining something from this new spirit of enterprise. All I offered Agnew was a discount for a nice, fat time contract."

"Then I want a time contract," said Coster.

"Certainly," conceded Willitson. "For the gas company, too?"

Coster hesitated. The gas company had not expected to continue its advertising when it started in, and it had reduced the extent of it somewhat, but it had found it necessary to keep the gas-stove proposition before the public.

"I'll think about that," he said. "I don't know but it would be cheaper to buy up my contract with you."

"Not for sale," returned Willitson promptly.

"Anything's for sale to the man who pays the price," was Coster's cynical retort. "We'll see about that later."

Coster talked the subject over with the manager of the gas company, and the manager advised a contract.

"We can't quit now," he said. "Everybody's advertising more than formerly."

"I suppose I ought not to kick," mused Coster. "It's a good thing for my paper, but it takes money out of our gas company."

"It does nothing of the sort," asserted the manager. "Our little fight with Wesley cost something, but it helped to educate the public. They demand conveniences now that they didn't think necessary before, and they pay for them. We don't begin to get the revenue out of this town that there is in it. Why should we be satisfied while anybody is using kerosene for lighting and wood for cooking?"

This was encouraging, and Coster took the trouble to investigate a little. The town was certainly waking up. The merchants were beginning to carry better lines of goods, and they were willing to spend some money to let the people know that they had them.

"We're getting some of the trade that used to go to the city," they explained. "People went there for shopping that they now do here."

A number of men were figuring on a summer resort hotel, too, and there was a general inclination to reach out for business, and even to make it where there had been none before—all of which was encouraging to a man who had large holdings of real estate.

Coster began to smile now. He could see the joke when he was to profit by it, even if it had seemed to be "on him" at first, and the thing certainly had been cleverly done. He had been forced, against his will, to put the profit into his paper, for he was now as fully convinced as Willitson that the paper would soon show a profit. Why, the advertising campaign alone had created a sensation that had increased its legitimate circulation, and its news and editorial columns were sufficient to hold whatever circulation it secured. It really was funny that he should be so over-reached by a young fellow. Evidently times and methods had changed somewhat while he had sat back and simply taken the profits on his local investments, and, as the leading citizen, had set the business pace of the town. The more he talked with others the more apparent the humor became to him, but he kept it to himself, and he never went back to the Gazette office to buy up the contract with Willitson. Instead, he waited for Willitson to come to the house, and one evening he found him with Annette.

"Willitson," he said, in a bluff, business-like way, "I was a fool when I spoke of buying control of the paper back from you. It isn't the paper I want, but you yourself, and when I want anything I pay the price necessary to get it."

Willitson looked at Annette, and she moved quickly to his side. Then he very deliberately put an arm round her.

"Yes," said Coster, smiling and nodding, "I pay the price. Our bargain would give her to you pretty soon, anyhow, but never mind about that. I'll be hanged if I don't think I need you just about as much as she does. Come into the library when you get time. I've a business matter to discuss with you."

Coster, however, did not wait in the library, and it was just as well that he did not, for Willitson was too busy for business that evening.

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

made my way on board again, that Hortense returned to my thoughts. She hadn't come to see the miracle; not she! I knew that better than ever. And who was the other man in the launch?

"Wasn't it perfectly elegant!" exclaimed the up-country bride. And upon my assenting she made a further declaration to David. "It's just aivry bit as good as the Isle of Champagne."

This I discovered to be a comic opera, mounted with peculiar brilliance, which David had taken her to see at the town of Gonzales just before they were married.

As we made our way down the bending river she continued to make many observations to me in that up-country accent of hers, which is a fashion of speech that may be said to differ as widely from the speech of the low-country as cotton differs from rice. I began to fear that, in spite of truly good intentions, I was again failing to be as "attentive" as the occasion demanded; and so I presented her with my floral tribute.

She was immediately arch. "I'd surely be depriving *some*body!" and on this I got to the full her limpid look.

I assured her that this would not be so, and pointed to the other flowers I had.

Accordingly, after a little more archness, she took them, as she had, of course, fully meant to do from the first; she also took a woman's revenge. "I'll not be any more lonesome going down than I was coming up," she said. "David's enough." And this led me definitely to conclude that David had secured a helpmate who could take care of herself, in spite of her eyes.

A steel wasp? Again that misleading description of Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael's, to which, since my early days in Kings Port, my imagination may be said to have been harnessed, came back into my mind. I turned its injustice over and over beneath the light which the total Hortense now shed upon it—or rather, not the total Hortense, but my whole impression of her, as far as I had got; I got a good deal further before we had finished. To the slow, soft accompaniment of these gliding river shores where all the shadows had changed since morning, so that new loveliness stood revealed at every turn, my thoughts dwelt upon this perfected specimen of the latest American moment—so late that she contained nothing of the past, and a great deal of to-morrow. I basked myself in the memory of her achieved beauty, her achieved dress, her achieved insolence, her luxurious complexity. She was even later than those quite late athletic girls, the Amazons of the links, whose big, hard, football faces stare at one from public windows and from public prints, whose giant, manly strides take them over leagues of country and square miles of dance-floor, and whose bursting, blatant, immodest health glares upon sea-beaches and round supper-tables. Hortense knew that even now the hour of such is striking, and that the American boy will presently turn with relief to a creature who will remind him that he is a man, and that she is a woman.

But why was the insolence of Hortense offensive, when the insolence of Eliza La Heu was not? Both these extremely feminine beings could exercise that quality in profusion whenever they so wished; wherein did the difference lie? Perhaps, I thought, in the spirit of its exercise; Eliza was merely insolent when she happened to feel like it; and man has always been able to forgive woman for that—whether the angels do or not; but Hortense, the world-wise, was insolent to all people who could not be of use to her, and all I have to say is, that if the angels can forgive *that*, they're welcome; I can't!

Had I made sure of anything at the landing? Yes; Hortense didn't care for Charley in the least, and never would. A woman can stamp her foot at a man and love him simultaneously; but those two light taps, and the measure that her eyes took of Charley, meant that she must love his possessions very much to be able to bear him at all. Then, what was her feeling about John Mayrant? As Beverly had said, what could she want him for? He hadn't a thing that she valued or needed. His old-time notions of decency, the clean simplicity of his make, his good Southern position, and his collection of nice old relatives—what did these assets look like from an automobile, or on board the launch of a modern steam yacht?

I stared at the now broadening river, where the reappearance of the bridge, and of Kings Port, and the nearer chimneys pouring out their smoke a few miles above the town, betokened that our excursion was drawing to its end. And then from the chimneys' neighborhood, from the waterside where their factories stood, there shot out into the smoothness of the stream a launch. It crossed into our course ahead of us, preceded us quickly, growing soon into a dot, went through the bridge, and so was seen no longer; and its occupants must have reached town a good half-hour before we did. And now, suddenly, I was stunned with a great discovery. The bride's voice sounded in my ear. "Well, I'll always say you're a prophet, anyhow!"

I looked at her, dull and dazed by the internal commotion the discovery had raised in me.

"You said we wouldn't get stuck in the mud, and we didn't," said the bride.

I pointed to the chimneys. "Are those the phosphate works?"

"Yais. Didn't you know?"

"The V-C phosphate works?"

"Why, yais. Haven't you been to see them yet? He ought to, oughtn't he, David? 'Specially now they've found those deposits up the river were just as rich as they hoped, after all."

"Whose? Mr. Mayrant's?" I asked with such sharpness that the bride was surprised.

David hadn't attended to the name. It was some trust estate, he thought; Regent Tom, or some such thing.

"And they thought it was no good," said the bride. "And it's aivry bit as good as the Coosaw used to be. Better than Florida or Tennessee."

My eyes instinctively turned to where they had last seen the launch; of course it wasn't there any more. Then I spoke to David.

"Do you know what a phosphate bed looks like? Can one see it?"

"This kind you can," he answered. "But it's not worth your trouble. Just a kind of a square hole you dig along the river till you strike the stuff. What you want to see is the works."

No, I didn't want to see even the works; they smelt atrociously, and I do not care for vats, and acids, and processes; and besides, had I not seen enough? My eyes went down the river again where that launch had gone; and I wondered if the wedding-cake would be postponed any more.

Regent Tom? Oh, yes, to be sure! John Mayrant had pointed out to me the house where he had lived; he had been John's uncle. So the old gentleman had left his estate in trust! And now——! But Hortense would have won the battle of Chattanooga!

"Don't be too sure about all this," I told myself cautiously. But there are times when cautioning one's self is quite as useless as if somebody else had cautioned one; my reason leaped with the rapidity of intuition; I merely sat and looked on at what it was doing. All sorts of odds and ends, words I hadn't understood, looks and silences I hadn't interpreted, little signs that I had thought nothing of at first, but which I had gradually, through their multiplicity, come to know meant something, all these broken pieces fitted into each other now, fell together and made a clear pattern of the truth, without a crack in it—Hortense had never believed in that story about the phosphates having failed—"pinched out," as they say of ore deposits. There she had stood between her two suitors, between her affianced John and the besieging Charley, and before she would be off with the old love and on with the new she must personally look into those phosphates. Therefore she had been obliged to have a sick father and postpone the wedding two or three times, because her affairs—very likely the necessity of making certain of Charley—had prevented her from coming sooner to Kings Port. But what an outrage had been perpetrated upon John! At that my deductions staggered in their rapid course. How could his aunts—but then it had only been one of them; Miss Josephine had never approved of Miss Eliza's course; it was of that that Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael had so emphatically reminded Mrs. Gregory in my presence when we had strolled together upon High Walk, and those two ladies had talked

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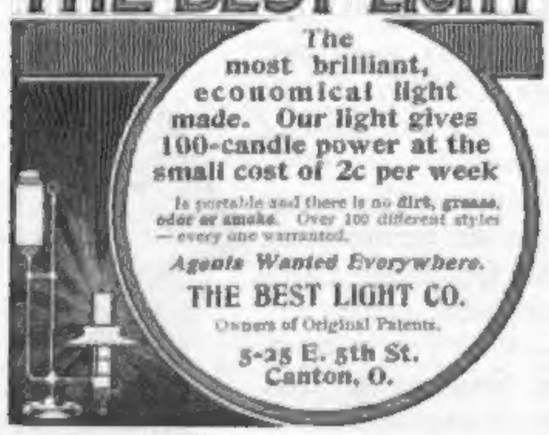

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oracles in my presence. Well, they were oracles no longer!

When the boat brought us back to the wharf there were the rest of my flowers unbestowed, and upon whom should I bestow them? I thought first of Eliza La Heu, but she wouldn't be at the Exchange so late as this. Then it seemed well to carry them to Mrs. Weguelin. Something, however, prompted me to pass her door, and continue vaguely walking on until I came to the house where Miss Josephine and Miss Eliza lived; and here I rang the bell and was admitted.

They were sitting as I had seen them first, the one with her embroidery, and the other on the farther side of a table, whereon lay an open letter, which in a few moments I knew must have been the subject of the discussion which they finished even as I came forward.

"It was only prolonging an honest mistake." That was Miss Eliza.

"And it has merely resulted in clinching what you meant it to finish." That was Miss Josephine.

I laid my flowers upon the table, and saw that the letter was in John Mayrant's hand. Of course I avoided looking at it again; but what had he written, and why had he written? His daily steps turned to this house—unless Miss Josephine had banished him again.

The ladies accepted my offering with gracious expressions, and while I told them of my visit to Live Oaks, and poured out my enthusiasm, the servant was sent for and brought water and two beautiful old china bowls, in which Miss Eliza proceeded to arrange the flowers with her delicate white hands. She made them look exquisite with an old lady's art, and this little occupation went on as we talked of indifferent subjects.

But the atmosphere of that room was charged with the subject of which we did not speak. The letter lay on the table; and even as I struggled to sustain polite conversation, I began to know what was in it, though I never looked at it again; it spoke out as clearly to me as the launch had done. I had thought, when I first entered, to tell the ladies something of my meeting with Hortense Rieppe; I can only say that I found this impossible. Neither of them referred to her, or to John, or to anything that approached what we were all thinking of; for me to do so would have assumed the dimensions of a liberty; and, in consequence of this state of things, constraint sat upon us all, growing worse, and so pervading our small talk with discomfort that I made my visit a very short one. Of course they were civil about this when I rose, and begged me not to go so soon; but I knew better. And even as I was getting my hat and gloves in the hall I could tell by their tones that they had returned to the subject of that letter. But, in truth, they had never left it: as the front door shut behind me I felt as if they had read it aloud to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"A-Babbled o' Green Fields"

(Concluded from Page 9)

and then the voice broke forth: "Me first—first up—get away from here, Dock—I said first," and we could see his hands climbing an imaginary tree.

His face glowed with the excitement of his delirium as he climbed and then, apparently catching his breath, he rested before he called out: "I'm comin' down. Clear the track for old Dan Tucker!" And from the convulsive gripping of his hands and arms and the hysterical intake of his breath we who had seen Joe Nevison dive from the top of the old tree, from limb to limb to the bottom, knew what he was doing. His heart was thumping audibly when he finished, and we tried to calm him. And for a while we all sat about him in silence—forgetting the walls that shut us in, and living with him in the open, Slaves of the Magic Tree. Then, one by one, we left, and only George Kirwin stayed with the sick man.

Joe Nevison had lived a wicked life. He had been the friend and companion of vile men and of the women whom such men choose, and they had lived lives such as we in our little town only read about—and do not understand. Yet all that night Joe Nevison roamed through the woods by the creek, a little child, and no word passed his lips that could have brought a hint of the vicious life that his manhood had known. In that long night while George Kirwin sat by his dying friend, listening to his babble, the two men were in the genie's hands. For they put off their years as a garment. Together they ran over the roofs of buildings on Main Street that have been torn down for thirty years. They played in barns and corn-cribs burned down so long ago that their very site is in doubt; they romped over prairies where now are elm-covered streets, and they played with boys and girls who have lain forgotten in little sunken graves for a quarter of a century out on the hill.

George Kirwin says that long after midnight Joe wakened from a doze, fumbling through the bedclothes looking for something. Finally he complained that he could not find his mouth-harp. They tried to make him forget it, but when they could not distract him his mother went to the bureau and pulled open the lower drawer and found a little varnished box. Under the shaded lamp she brought out a sack of marbles, and a broken sling-shot with whittled prongs, a barlow knife, a tintype picture of a boy, and a mouth-organ. This she gave to hands that fluttered about the face on the pillow. He began to play The Mocking Bird, opening and shutting his bony hands to let the music rise and fall. When he closed that tune he played Oh, the Mistletoe Bough, and after that, over and over again he played Tenting on the Old Camp Ground. When he dropped the mouth-harp he lay very still for a time, though his lips moved incessantly. The morning was coming, and he was growing weak. But when his voice came back they knew that he was far afield again. For he said: "Come on, fellers, le's set down here under the hill and rest. It's a long ways back." And when he had rested he spoke up again: "Say, fellers, what'll we sing?" George tried him with a Gospel hymn, but Joe would have none of it and reviled the song and the singer after the fashion of boys. In a moment he exclaimed: "Le's sing, Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket."

And George Kirwin's rough voice joined the song and the mother listened and wept. Other old songs followed, but Joe Nevison the man never woke up. It was the little boy, full of the poetry and sweetness of a child at play—the boy who turned the poetry of his boyish soul into a life of adventure unchecked by moral restraint—whose eyes they closed that morning.

And George explained to us that maybe the bad part of Joe Nevison's soul had shriveled away during his sickness instead of waiting for death. George told us, when he came down to work that afternoon, that what made him sad was that a soul in which there was so much that might have been good had been stunted by life and was entering eternity with so little to show for its earthly journey. When one considers it, he finds that Joe Nevison wasted his life most miserably. There was nothing to say in his obituary—no good deed to his credit and so many, many bad ones—and the sorrow and bitterness that he brought into his father's last days and the shame that he put upon his mother, who lived to see his end, made it impossible for our paper to say any kind thing of him that would not have seemed maudlin.

Yet at Joe Nevison's funeral the old settlers—many of them broken with years and trouble—gathered at the little wooden church in the hollow below the track to see the last of him—though certainly not to pay him a tribute of respect. But they knew him as a little boy who trudged up the hill to school when the old stone schoolhouse was the only stone building in town; they knew him in the days when he began to turn Marshal Furgeson's hair gray with wild pranks. They knew the boy's childish virtues, and could feel the remorse that must at times have gnawed his heart; these old men and women also knew the devil of unbridled passion that the child's father put into Joe's blood. And when he went down the broad road they saw his track beyond him. So, as the little gathering of old people filed through the church door and lined up on the sidewalk waiting for the mourners to come out, we heard through the white-haired crowd men sighing: "Poor Joe—poor fellow!" Could one hope that God's forgiveness would be fuller than that?

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